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Photographs by  
Elwin Neame.



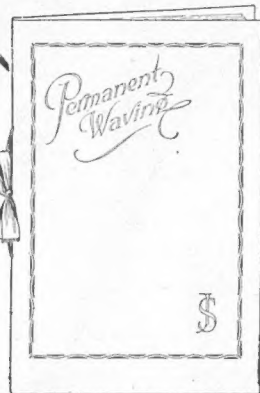
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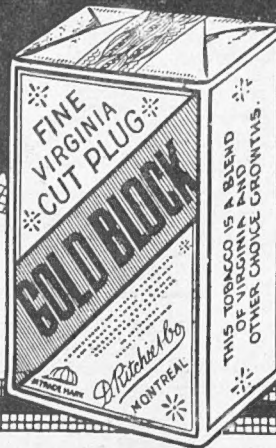
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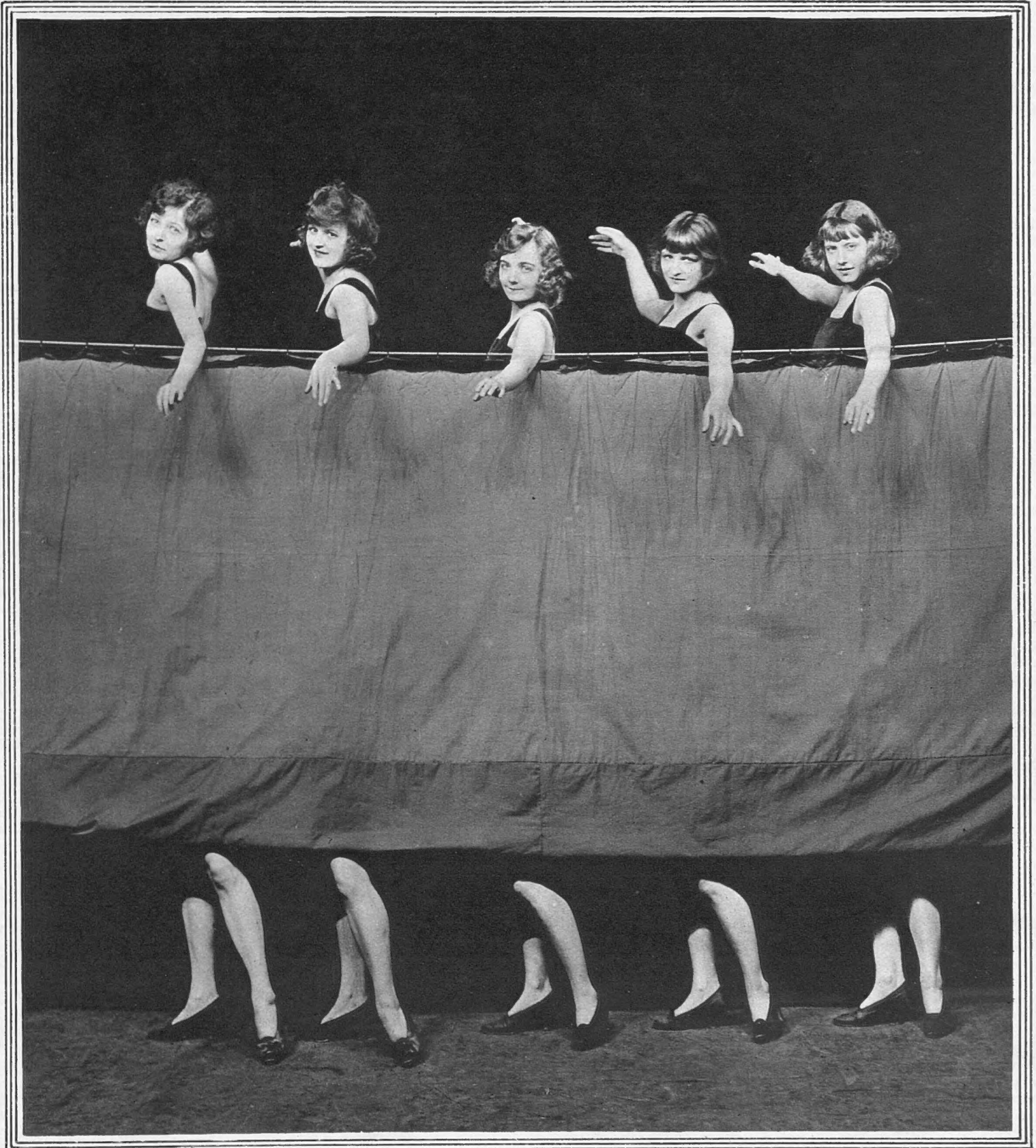


REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1543—Vol. CXIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



**"PEP" FROM "SNAP": VAUDEVILLE GIANTESSES WHOSE LEGS WALK AWAY FROM THEM!**

"Snap," the new revue at the Vaudeville, is full of what the Americans call "pep." Our photograph shows an amusing apparition of "giant" chorus girls. A guess at the secret of their height may be hazarded, especially as at one moment the ladies' legs walk away from them!

*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*





# Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

## Cricket.

There is just time to say a few serious words about cricket before the rains and winds of autumn sweep the bedraggled players into their mysterious hiding-places until the rains and winds of May 1923 bid them once again come forth and expose their flannelled, shivering bodies to the concealed turnings of an English summer.

I have seen a good deal of first-class cricket this summer.

I knew it was first-class, because all the counties competing in the County Championship are, thereby and therefore, first-class. Had I not been carefully apprised of this fact, I should have wondered, at certain times, whether I was spending Saturday afternoon on the village green; at others, if Pompeii, with its figures turned to stone, had somehow been transplanted to English soil.

Of the two, give me the village green. Saturday afternoon on the village green may not afford examples ultra-scientific of the national game, but I am prepared to swear that the village blacksmith, with his brawny arms and lusty swipes, comes nearer to the meaning of the game than the gentleman whose sole ambition is to stop the straight balls with his bat and let the others go sailing by into the hands of the wicket-keeper. If victory is to go to the side that can stay in the longer, then we had better look for another national game.

## Barracking.

If cricket is to be saved from oblivion, these tedious stone-walling gentlemen will have to be excluded from the side—or change their methods. County cricket depends on the goodwill of the spectators. If the spectators are going to be bored stiff, then the county clubs will go bankrupt, and there will be an end to cricket as the national summer game. The cricketers cannot have it both ways. They cannot get their salaries and their generous expenses from the public if they treat the public as though they were non-existent.

Quite recently I saw a famous cricketer—one of the most distinguished in England—take three hours to make about sixteen runs. The majority of the spectators were men and boys who had paid their shillings or their

sixpences and devoted a rare holiday to watching this gentleman bat. They bore it in silence as long as they could, and then relieved their feelings by applauding ironically whenever he blocked the ball. The batsman glared at them in contemptuous indignation. He did not actually shout "Scum!"—but that is what he meant.

"Barracking" is bad manners, of course, just as "booing" in theatres is bad manners, and "cat-calling" in music-halls. But there are occasions when the man who pays the piper is justified in saying what he thinks of the tune, and his way of saying it is by "barracking," or "booing," or "cat-calling."

**A Time-Limit.** What is the remedy? A remedy must be found if the clubs hope to get financial support from the public. I have heard it suggested that every maiden over

The scornful retort is always, "Tip and run!" Well, even tip-and-run would be better than tip-and-stand-still, which is all we get from certain batsmen at present. In the circumstances mentioned above there was no reason for tip-and-stand-still. It was not a question of a collapse or a bad wicket. It was a case, I fear, of obstinacy. "As long as you make that noise I shan't attempt to hit." But how if there is nobody present to make a noise?

## The Somnolent Expert.

I had a puzzling conversation one day with a gentleman in the pavilion at Eastbourne. Sussex—who can never be accused of tip-and-stand-still, by the way—were playing Hampshire. The home side were not doing too well, and I ventured to wonder aloud why the captain, Arthur Gilligan, who has the reputation of being the fastest bowler in England, did not put himself on to bowl.

A gentleman sitting near me, who had been sleeping peacefully for half-an-hour or so, suddenly woke up.

"It's the sun," he said, and closed his eyes.

"But there isn't any sun," I objected.

"That's why," was the answer. And he again closed his eyes.

I thought the thing over for a few minutes, and then tapped him lightly on the knee.

"I am sorry to wake you," I said, "but I can't quite understand your last remark. Why should the absence of sun prevent Arthur Gilligan from bowling?"

"It's the catches," replied the gentleman peevishly.

"What about the catches?"

"They can't catch 'em." And off he went again.

## Dudley Hardy.

Just as I was sealing up these notes for the post came the sad news of Dudley Hardy's death. To those readers of *The Sketch* who have followed the fortunes of this journal from the outset the loss will be almost personal. To me it comes home sharply, for we spent many happy times together at the Sketch

Club, the Savage Club, John Hassall's studio, and Dudley's old home in Gloucester Terrace.

Everybody will miss this distinguished artist and Bohemian.



IN HER "LOUNGE SUIT": MISS JANE BURR'S MASCULINE FASHIONS FOR DAY WEAR.

Miss Jane Burr, the apostle of trousered styles for feminine folk, has arrived in London, and is shown in our photograph viewing the town, while she allows London to view her in the "lounge suit" and breeches which she hopes to popularise as a fashion for women.

Photograph by T.P.A.

should count five runs to the bowling side. That is not at all a bad idea, but you would have to except the first few overs of the match, and every batsman has the right to "play himself in."

Perhaps a fairer way would be to impose a time-limit. Fifty runs an hour is not rapid scoring. If any two batsmen failed to put on fifty runs between them in an hour on the penalty of one or both being out, that might hasten things up a little. It would certainly add to the interest of the game.



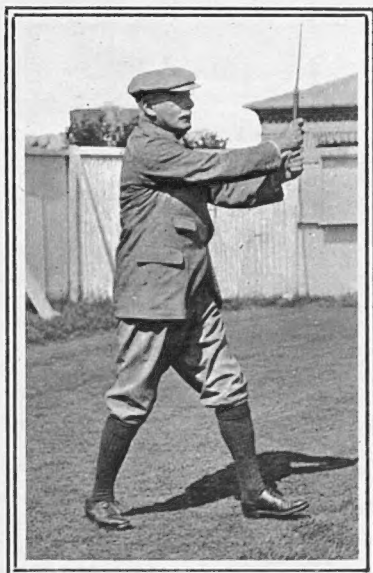
BACK TO FEMININE FROCKS FOR DINNER: MISS JANE BURR IN SKIRTS.

In spite of her affection for masculine kit for day wear, Miss Jane Burr, the American novelist, is caught by the lure of feminine draperies in the evening, and is "reactionary" enough to put on skirts for dinner, as our photograph shows.

Photograph by T.P.A.



# Golf Across the Channel: Players at Dieppe.



ON THE FIRST TEE: LORD  
MARCHAMLEY.



STANDING AT THE PIN:  
LADY HOSKYNs.



DRIVING OFF AT THE SEVENTH TEE:  
SIR WILLIAM FORBES.



WITH SIR LEIGH HOSKYNs: MR. HERBERT  
WINTERBOTTOM.



THE MEMBER FOR NORTH-WEST WILTS:  
MR. GEORGE TERRELL.



WITH MISS FLEMING AND MRS. GALSWORDHY:  
MRS. CONNELL (DRIVING).



MISS SHORT, MISS SYBIL LATTa, SIR JOHN LATTa,  
AND MR. CECIL LATTa (L. TO R.).

Dieppe golf-course is one of the best at the well-known French seaside resorts, and is much patronised by English players.—Sir Leigh Hoskyns is the eleventh Baronet, of a creation dating from 1676. He is the brother of the Lord Bishop of Southwell.—Mr. George Terrell has represented North Wilts since 1910.—Sir John Latta is the first Baronet, and Miss Sybil Latta is his elder

daughter. Her engagement to Flight-Lieutenant J. B. Cole-Hamilton, R.A.F., has been announced; and her younger sister, Miss Mary Latta, is betrothed to Mr. E. F. Robb, only son of Major-General Sir Frederick and Lady Robb. Mr. Cecil Latta is Sir John Latta's only son, and was born in 1903. The Misses Latta are among the most popular girls in Society.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



# The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

## The Joys of Scotland.

The first week in Scotland is like the first week of the holidays for a school-boy. Here is Jane perched on her own pet hill, wearing her oldest tweed, deep in purple heather that is by no means quite dry nor altogether at its loveliest. That is its chief charm. This is only the first week. To-morrow these moors will be a little lovelier.

it is the fault of the bees, who would buzz through every idea. *Heather-honey, heather-honey, heather-honey*, they kept suggesting, until poor Jane only longed for tea and hot scones, and that delectable stuff the bees make. Society people and all their comings and goings interested her not at all. But the rest of the world will want to hear about each other.

## At Harrogate.

To start with, there was that short stay at Harrogate. Jane saw Sir Keith Fraser there drinking the waters and playing golf. Lady Ada Wentworth-Fitzwilliam was another who tried not to make a face in the old pump-room. Sir Godfrey Baring, fresh from Cowes, looked as though he did not need any cure, and neither did Lord Strachie. Lord and Lady Vestey were motoring off to the hills near by, and Lady Ludlow was lunching at a table near Sir Charles Russell; while Lady Sassoon, Lady Hiley, Sir Rowland and Lady Barran, Mrs. Robert Dewhurst and the John Cokes were a few other well-known people Jane saw. And she heard of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, who are taking the cure; and the Duchess of Newcastle, Lord and Lady Manvers, Lady Yarborough, and Lady Bingham. For the rest, Harrogate is much as ever. Mud-baths and things at eleven, sulphur water and other filth at noon, lunch, a siesta, a motor-drive, tea, bridge, more drinks in the pump-room, more pummelling by your *masseur*, more food and more bridge, and then bed. Everyone talks of his health and how much better *his* doctor is than *your* doctor. Or if he is in a bad temper, how much better *your* doctor must be than *his* doctor.

Every woman discusses her own complexion, and whether vegetables or meat diet is best. Every man discusses his weight, and his waist, and pats his tummy lovingly to draw attention to that third button that is no longer doing the noble duty it *did* do!

There are no children and no dancing and no young men, and none of the poor relations who dog one's steps in jolly country houses. Poor relations can't afford Harrogate. Young girls won't be bullied into going there even by spinster aunts from whom they have expectations.

Jane went *once* (when she was a *very* young girl) with an aged aunt who insisted on "bringing colour to the girl's cheeks by a complete course of mud baths." There were eight baths at about fifteen shillings each. You undressed by yourself in a little marble room. You put on a rough towel dressing-gown. The female attendant then relieved you of this, and pushed you down into the bath of hot, sticky, slimy mud. Your hair was protected by a rubber cap, and you rested your head on a great strap that was stretched across the top of the bath. After living this toad life for a quarter of an hour or so, you emerged, looking for all the world like one of those shapeless chocolate figures you get in Easter eggs.

Then you stood with your back to the wall, and the female attendant played the garden hose on you from a considerable distance. (The first time she did it on me I fell flat on my face and wondered why it was she owed me a special grudge.) You then crawled from the hottest water-taps to the coldest till you felt and looked just like that reddest and 'cleanest raw meat you see on butchers' marble tables. About twenty hot towels were rolled round you, and you lay—as you

hoped, for the rest of your life—on a comfy little sofa in your dressing-room. But just as you were beginning to tingle less, and to doze with convincing lethargy, back the busy-body came with your clothes, watch in hand, head in air with much authority, and you were hounded out of the building. It was all you could do to reach your hotel. No doubt it was very salubrious—but Jane would sooner be on the moors in Scotland than in the mud.

## At Deauville and Other Places.

From Deauville comes news of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who have just left for London, where they will be for a few days before going up to Dunrobin in time for the Duchess to open a bazaar in aid of the Royal Dornoch Golf Club. And to Deauville have gone Lord and Lady Milford Haven from Portsmouth, where Lord Milford Haven holds a naval appointment. The Duc and Duchesse Decazes have also been staying at Deauville, where polo has been the chief attraction of the week, though the weather was too vile to make playing or watching a very great pleasure. Lord Rock-savage was there for a while, but I hear he and Lady Rocksavage have now gone—or are

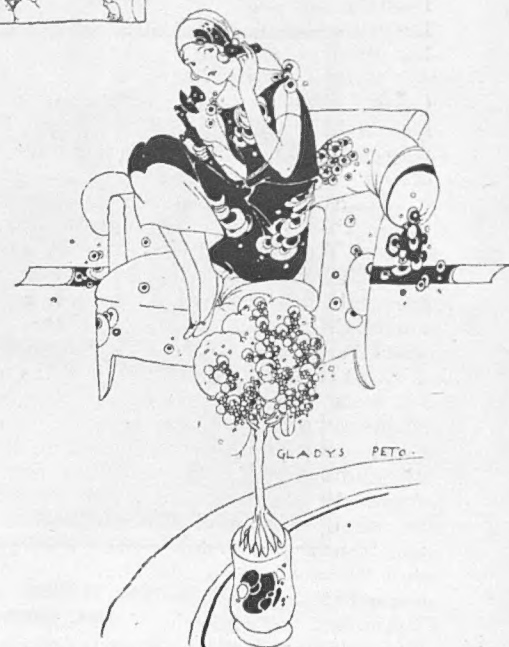


1. Angela means to spend a very cheap holiday in Austria this year—and for a trifling outlay acquires bales and bales of paper notes. What lovely things she means to buy in Austria—and what a wonderful holiday she will have!

And the next day they will be lovelier still. And if only the sun shines as it can shine in August even in Scotland, the weeks to come will satiate the senses with colour and with ozone, and with that purely animal sense of delight in physical exercise that only a moist climate makes possible.

After lunch on the first glorious day we talked the usual London drivel in the usual half-tired voices. Then someone mentioned "boots," and before we had smoked one cigarette apiece, there we all were telling the usual lies about our brogues that grew older and older every moment (according to who spoke last) until one dear middle-aged lady declared hers were the self-same serviceable shoes that had tramped Scotland after grouse in King Edward's day. That silenced the lot. The older ladies did not want to betray their own age, and the younger ones were a little too breezy about their lack of reminiscence of the Edwardian era, and the men (whose shooting boots were really old) wanted to get on after the dogs.

But Jane always grows wistful when she contemplates her old brown brogues; and while her fountain-pen got on with this essay she thought of the thousand miles her old shoes had walked. And if there are mistakes



2. But an inquiry about excess luggage causes her to abandon this great plan—apparently it will cost several hundred pounds to convey her bales abroad. It will probably prove cheaper to spend a holiday staying with friends as usual—even with all the tipping and everything.



soon going—to Hythe to stay with Sir Philip Sassoon at Lympne for a few weeks.

**Lowther Castle.** Lord and Lady Lonsdale are entertaining, as they usually do at this time of the year, at Lowther Castle, Penrith, for their wonderful shooting. Lady Diana Somerset was there last week with Lord Worcester, who is such a good shot. Other guests were the Duke of Leeds, Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, Lord Lonsborough, and Sir William and Lady Noreen Bass. Lord Lonsdale's brother, Mr. Lancelot Lowther, was also of the party; and Mr. Richard Molyneux, another very good shot.

### Other Shooting Parties.

At Brackley (near Ballater) the two Mackenzie brothers—Sir Victor Mackenzie, who was Lord Lascelles' best man, and Captain Eric Mackenzie, of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards—are helping their mother to entertain a shooting party.

Brackley is not very far from Glen Muick, of which Sir Victor is now the laird, and Lady Mackenzie will entertain there a good deal, I hear, this autumn. Lady Mackenzie is the widow of the second Baronet, and was, before her marriage, Miss Lucy Davidson, a daughter of Mr. Duncan Davidson of Tulloch.

The Duke of Richmond is back at Gordon Castle, Fochabers, where he will assemble his usual autumn guests. Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox is with him this week, among others.

Lord and Lady Dalhousie are also installed at Brechin Castle, their lovely Forfarshire home. Their two girls, Lady Ida and Lady Jean Ramsay, are with them—quite young girls still, who were most popular at all the children's parties in London this season. Their little brother, the Hon. Simon Ramsay, is one of the loveliest children in England, with his mass of curly golden hair and his high spirits, and in his kilt is quite the most sought-after young gentleman of eight I have yet encountered. He made his first public speech the other day. It was at a sale of work in aid of Holyrood Church, and in reply to Bishop Robberds, who proposed the vote of thanks to Lady Dalhousie, who had opened it.

Another very popular little man who has just arrived in Scotland is little Lord Macduff. He arrived at Mar Lodge with his mother, Princess Arthur of Connaught (who has been visiting the Duke of Connaught at Bagshot), to visit his grandmother, the Princess Royal. I hear that his aunt, Princess Maud, is also at Mar Lodge, and adores her little nephew almost as much as his mother does.

And other personages just arrived in this land of mists and heather are the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk with Lady Rachel Howard (who have been at Arundel since Goodwood); Elizabeth Marchioness of Ormonde, who is at Kylestrome Lodge, Lairg, Sutherlandshire, this week, with her daughter, Lady Constance Butler; and Lord and Lady Desborough and their family, who have just been entertaining a large party of young people at Panshanger.

The Gideon Murrays have also both arrived at Elibank, where numerous shooting parties are to be entertained. Lord and Lady Savile have left Rufford Abbey for Walslaw Moor, their shooting-box near Hebden Bridge, where they will entertain a party of "guns."

From the neighbourhood of Balmoral I hear that Lord Athlone has found the birds "plentiful and strong"; Lady Cowdray was much enjoying the forest of Birse; and near the Border, Sir James King and General Rattray were finding goodish sport on Cromar and Dessmuir Moors respectively—only goodish, because the weather has been so perfectly impossible. I hear that on Harding Moor the grouse

still revel in supreme life and liberty, as Lord Crawshaw will not be shooting until the end of the month.

### News from Abroad.

Letters from Aix try to persuade Jane that all is perfect there: the weather the golf-links, the lawn-tennis, the young men, the hotels. Lord Derby motored over from Paris the other day, and lunched at the Splendide, with Lord and Lady Granard. Lord Charles Montagu was also of the party and Mr. Ogden Mills.

Other people now at Aix are Sir John and Lady Bell, Lord and Lady Northbrook, the popular Miss Mary Garden, the prima-donna, and the William J. Lockes, who usually live all the year round at Cannes. Mr. Evelyn Fitzgerald has also arrived at the Splendide-Hotel-et-Excelsior and so many Americans that Jane's correspondent had caught a Chicago accent (even on paper!)

A new game has been started—whether by Americans or English, who knows? At any rate by someone who enjoyed the play in London, "Decameron Nights." For the benefit of the uninitiated I must say that in the play there is much ado about a certain beauty-spot on one of the married ladies' backs.

You play "Decameron" rather like "beaver." Whenever you see a beauty-spot on the face, arms, neck, back, throat,

or any other part of the visible anatomy of a man or woman, you shriek: "Fifteen," or "Thirty" or "Forty" or "Game" as you do in tennis, according to how many you or your partner have already scored.

"It is most disconcerting to have a sudden finger pointed at the almost invisible mole under your chin and to hear a shriek, 'Love-fifteen,' as I did the other night," writes my friend from Aix. "I rushed up to my mirror fully expecting to find fifteen blemishes of some sort, and was mightily relieved to find only my same old life-long little apology of a mole. It is a certain way of breaking the ice, too, with stodgy people."

Um. . . . yes. . . . Jane is certain it would break the ice. . . . The question is whether you might not be drowned in the freezing waters beneath, or boiled alive in the torrential downpour of furious invective. Jane is quite certain that, at any rate in Scotland, this game had best be left alone. In the blue blood of Scotland there is much that is admirable, but the utter absence of a sense of humour is only made up for by the unparalleled sensibility—the unsurpassed susceptibility—of the least member of any of the dear super-people who teach us to tramp their moors.

Jane had at least one Scots ancestor, so she has a right to appreciate the points of her own people. A thing she does *not* appreciate in them is their inordinate love of letter-writing. Not only notes to ask you to parties, but letters—long ones—in answer to your "bread-and-butter" letters. And if these in their turn do not lead to a lengthy correspondence, you are apt to be cut off their list for next year. Perhaps that is why a few wise people have advertised the fact that



3. But Angela finds in the home several excellent uses for the paper money. For example, she refills the cushions of the darling dogs . . .



4. . . . And the rest she puts into the ornamental pond—which never would hold water anyhow—as she means to convert it into a rock garden.

they are on a holiday, "where no letters will be forwarded"—for instance, Lady Rhondda, Lord Albemarle, and Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham.

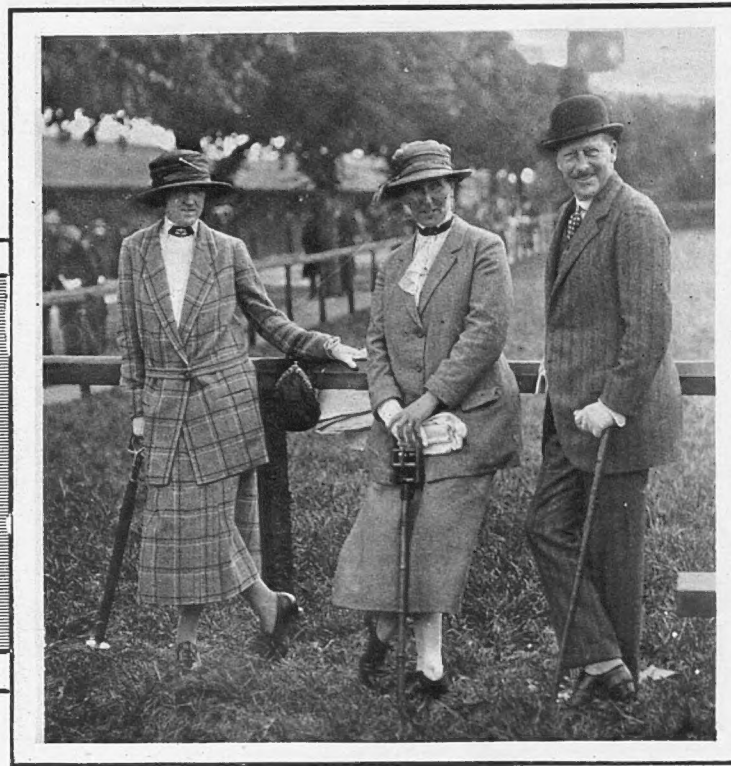
IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



# CLASSIC FIXTURES AND NOVEL FASHIONS:



'COSTER' CAP AND COLOURED 'CHOKER':  
THE LATEST STYLE AT DEAUVILLE.



AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: MRS. SMITH-BINGHAM, MRS. HALL,  
AND GENERAL SMITH-BINGHAM.



WITH HIS DAUGHTER, THE  
LORD RATHDONNELL.



AT THE GREAT DERBYSHIRE CATTLE SHOW: LORD  
HINDLIP AND THE HON. DIANA ALLSOPP.



AT THE DEAUVILLE RACES: THE HON.  
MRS. IAN MAITLAND.



AT THE WESTERHAM HILL  
COUNTES

The latest fashions from Deauville are of a distinctly "coster" flavour, and dainty little ladies are appearing with coloured handkerchiefs tied round their necks, and real "pearlie" styles, similar to the model which we show on this page; while, if one does not care for "coster" costumes, but wants something original, the handkerchief may be draped round the shoulders in cowboy fashion.—The Dublin Horse Show was attended by many well-known people this year, in spite of the disturbed state of the country.—Mrs. Hall is Master of the Carlow, and Mrs. Smith-Bingham is a well-known follower of the Meath. The Hon. Mrs. Bramwell is the second daughter of Lord Rathdonnell.—Lord



# DUBLIN, DEAUVILLE, DERBYSHIRE, KENT.



HON. MRS. BRAMWELL:  
AT DUBLIN.



AT DEAUVILLE: COUNTESS DE MONTGOMERY (L.),  
AND LADY IDINA GORDON.



THE COW-BOY NECKERCHIEF: A NEW  
FASHION AT DEAUVILLE.



HORSE SHOW: EARL AND  
STANHOPE.



WITH MAJOR STRAKER: VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT  
AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.



WITH MISS LAW: CAPTAIN AND MRS. FITZPATRICK  
WATCHING THE JUMPING AT DUBLIN.

Hindlip, who is the third Baron, has a fine place, Doyerridge, in Derbyshire, as well as his seat, Hindlip Hall, Worcester. The Hon. Diana Allsopp is his elder daughter, and was born in 1908.—Lady Idina Gordon, who has been at Deauville, is one of the two sisters of Earl de la Warr, and is the wife of Captain Charles Gordon. The Hon. Mrs. Ian Maitland is the wife of Viscount Maitland's son, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bell Irving, of Makerston. Earl Stanhope is the seventh Earl. He married the daughter of the sixth Marquess of Sligo in 1921, and lives at Chevening, Sevenoaks, Kent.—[Photographs by L.N.A., Lafayette, S. and G., Farrington Photo. Co., and Alfieri.]



# Highland Games, a Horse Show, and a Wedding.



RUNNING HER HUNTER CANNOCK PAST THE JUDGES: LADY CHESHAM AT THE EAST BERKS HORSE SHOW.



AT INVERARAY: COL. DUNCAN CAMPBELL, LADY GEORGE CAMPBELL, MISS ROSE, MRS. ECKERSLEY, MISS JOAN CAMPBELL, CAPT. DUGDALE, AND SIR IAIN COLQUHOUN.



WEARING APRICOT TAFFETA DRESSES AND SPANISH MANTILLAS: THE BRIDESMAIDS AT THE AIRD-STURGIS WEDDING.



MARRIED AT ST. MARGARET'S: MR. MALCOLM AIRD AND MISS JOAN STURGIS.



CHILDREN OF AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE: MISS VALERA ADAMS GOULD, MASTER GEORGE GOULD, AND MISS JANE GOULD.



WITH MISS JANE GOULD: MRS. G. J. GOULD AT THE STRATHSPEY FARMERS' CLUB SHOW.

Lady Chesham is the wife of Lord Chesham, and was formerly Miss Margot Mills. She is a keen sportswoman and showed her hunter at the East Berks Show, held at Maidenhead.—Lady George Campbell is the widow of Lord George Campbell, fourth son of the eighth Duke of Argyll; and Sir Iain Colquhoun, D.S.O., is the seventh Baronet of Luss. He married the second daughter of Mr. Francis John Tennant.—Miss Joan Sturgis is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sturgis, and grand-daughter

of the late George Meredith. Mr. Malcolm Aird is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm R. Aird, of Woolton House, Newbury, and grandson of the late Sir John Aird. The grown-up bridesmaids at the wedding were Miss Margot Meredith, Miss Betty Barrett, Miss Enid Chamberlain, Miss Kay Peak, and Miss Betty Baldwin. There were also two child attendants—the Misses Ruth and Elizabeth Aird; and Miss Ruth Ezra and Miss Elizabeth St. Johnstone carried the train.



## A Court and Rink Enthusiast.



FORMERLY MISS MOLLY BELL: MRS. JAMES PEROWNE CORRY.

Mrs. James Perowne Corry is the wife of Mr. James Perowne Corry, elder son of Sir William Corry, of Dunraven, Co. Antrim, second Baronet, and is the daughter of Major O. J. Bell. She is a recent bride, as her marriage took place last year, and she has been busy

furnishing her new home in Lancaster Gate. Mrs. Corry is fond of all outdoor sports, being a specially enthusiastic lawn-tennis player and skater, and is already looking forward to going to Switzerland for the winter season.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



## Grouse: Shooting Over Danby Moor, Yorkshire.



MR. J. C. MURRAY'S SHOOT OVER VISCOUNT DOWNE'S MOORS: THE GUNS AND KEEPERS ASSEMBLING.



MARK OVER! A SNAPSHOT OF A SPORTSMAN IN ACTION.



IN HIS BUTT: MR. H. J. BECKITT.



TAKING A BIRD FROM HIS RETRIEVER: MR. J. C. MURRAY.



SHOWING THE BEATERS WITH THEIR WHITE FLAGS: THE END OF A DRIVE.

August spells grouse for the sportsman and the gourmet—all the world, in fact, is interested in the crack of the guns in the North. Our photographs show Mr. J. C. Murray's shoot over Danby Moor,

Yorkshire, which he is renting from Viscount Downe, and give a very good idea of the conditions under which the glorious sport of grouse-driving is pursued.—[Photographs by S. and G.]



# Lord Lonsdale's Party for His Opening Shoot.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE BUTTS: LADY LONSDALE (ON PONY) AND LORD LONSDALE.



WITH MAJOR THE HON. RICHARD MOLYNEUX LADY DIANA SOMERSET.



WITH LORD JERSEY: THE DUKE OF LEEDS (LEFT).



THE HOST AT THE LOWTHER CASTLE SHOOT: LORD LONSDALE.

Lord Lonsdale's guests at Lowther Castle for the opening of the grouse-shooting season over his Cumberland moors included the Duke of Leeds, the Marquess of Worcester (son of the Duke of Beaufort) and his unmarried sister, Lady Diana Somerset, the Earl and Countess of Jersey, the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, and Major the Hon. Richard

Molyneux, brother of the Earl of Sefton. The Countess of Lonsdale, who is shown in our photograph riding a pony, is herself a good shot. She is the daughter of the tenth Marquess of Huntly. Lowther Castle is a fine place, and the King and other crowned heads have often stayed there with our most famous sporting peer.





# The Clubman.

By Beveren.

## The Woman Who Forgot.

Forgetfulness can on occasion lead to joyous surprise. I might say that this little story of an exceedingly pleasant discovery, told me by a City man, was prefaced with remarks about the lack of system and business acumen shown by the average woman who is in comfortable circumstances.

This man's sister had been ten years a widow. Her husband, a stockbroker, had had

the two years he spent at Stamford Grammar School when he was twelve and thirteen years of age. He once told me that himself. He did not like the boarding-school régime, and the headmaster of that time did not understand him. Still, it is almost axiomatic that men of the Cecil Rhodes-Northcliffe type rarely make a mark at school.

An old Stamfordian who was at school with Alfred Harmsworth told me he remembered the future great man as a lanky, fair-haired boy in an Eton suit, who showed no love for school books, but was alert and agile, and also was sufficiently popular to receive a nickname. That nickname was "Dodger." He was adventurous enough to break bounds occasionally. His chief liking in this direction was to climb a high wooden fence that bordered one of the school playing fields. On the other side of this fence was the back garden of a shop—or it may have been an inn—where ginger-beer could be obtained. At any rate "The Chief" drank many a ginger-beer which he ought not to have had in that back garden which was out of bounds.

## Where the Great Lord Burleigh was at School.

Stamford, which has about a hundred boys, is perhaps the best school in Lincolnshire. Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh had his schooling there. Portraits of him and of Lord Northcliffe hang in the school hall. The late Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Ellicott, was another Old Stamfordian.

Lord Northcliffe attended the Speech Day ceremony, and gave away the prizes one year just before the war—that was in Dr. Barnard's time—and instituted some special prizes for French and arithmetic.

Stamford, with its many gabled houses and its six churches, is architecturally one of the choicest small towns in the country.

## Lord Northcliffe's Golf.

Lord Northcliffe did not take up golf seriously until he was a man of forty-five. But when he did start the great game he was as thorough over it as he was over everything. He had his own private professional, "Sandy" Thomson, who used to be professional to the Hampstead Club, and more than once he took Rowland Jones, of Wimbledon, on tour with him as "improver."

One winter on the Riviera, Rowland Jones was with him, and "The Chief" was very aggrieved because Jones said he ought to aim only for a short swing; he had started too late in life, and his frame was not fitted for the long swing. "But if I take only a

short swing it's like learning to typewrite with only three fingers," said Lord Northcliffe.

He developed a sound short game, and at one time played down to 8 handicap. He was a most determined opponent, and when he began playing, devoted himself whole-heartedly to practising. He would sometimes go out before breakfast on the private course he had laid out at Sutton Place, near Guildford and drive off fifty or sixty balls from one tee.

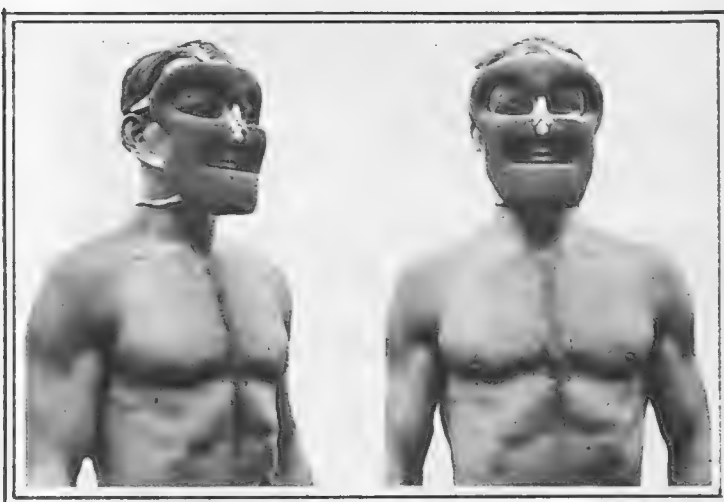
## Repeating the Name.

You have only to be about the Temple, or in the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey or the British Museum at ten o'clock in the morning—that is always the hour—to realise that there are more Americans visiting London this summer than in any summer since the war. Pleasant, quiet-spoken people most of them, and so serious-looking.

When you are introduced to them the first thing that strikes you is the intentness with which they listen for your name. Invariably they repeat it so as to make sure they have caught it aright. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. So-and-So"; or "I hope you are well, Mrs. So-and-So." So different from our own mumbled, slipshod method!

I was explaining this at dinner at Claridge's the other night. I had been invited to meet a party of Americans. There were eight of us altogether. Our English host introduced me to the six other guests in the usual English way, and after we had sat down I mentioned to the grey-haired but youthful-looking American on my right that I had caught no one's name, and how ordinary an occurrence this was in London.

"It shouldn't be difficult this time," he said with a twinkle. "This is a family party. My name is Hutton [that wasn't the name he mentioned, but 'twill serve to tell the story.] My wife is on your left. On



GERMAN BOXERS SAVE THEIR FACES: THE PRACTICE MASK FOR PUGILISTS.

German boxers don't want to spoil their beauty more than is necessary, so the latest invention for "saving their faces" is the practice mask to be worn in sparring matches. Our photograph shows the front and side view of this curious fisticuff-proof device.—[Photograph by Photolhek.]

an income averaging £10,000 a year, and had not left her badly off. But she has felt the increased cost of living and high taxation, and the other day was complaining to her brother that she was finding herself very short of money and hardly knew which way to turn.

Her brother was staying with her over the week-end, and, it being the usual rainy Sunday, he said he would go over some of her papers. He came across one list of stocks and shares in which every entry was crossed out as stock realised except one; that was a matter of £2000 in a certain very solid company.

"What about these shares?" he asked. "They are paying a good dividend."

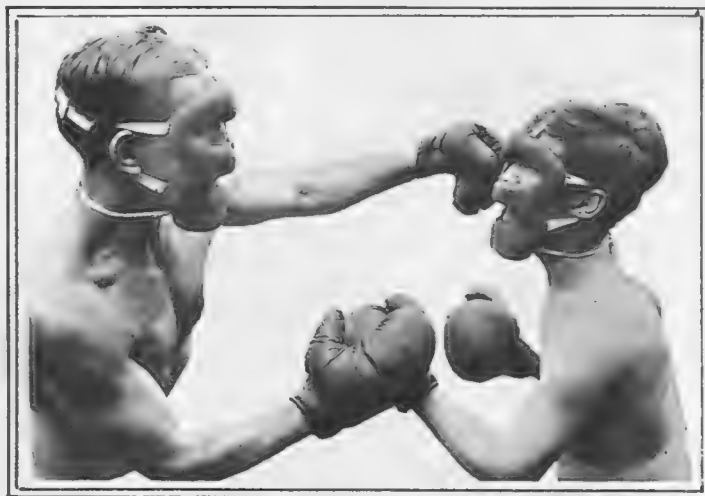
"Oh, no," his sister declared. "I haven't them. Haven't had them for a long time."

Somehow these shares stuck in his mind. On the Monday he spoke to his sister's bank, who replied without hesitation, "Oh, yes; we have those shares among your sister's securities."

A telephone conversation with the secretary of the particular company brought the information that for nearly ten years the lady had claimed none of the dividends awaiting her. The company were most puzzled about the matter.

"Well," he concluded to me, "the upshot of it is that a nice little sum of nearly £700 is lying ready for her to draw. It will be a pleasant piece of news I shall have for her this evening. I am wondering how much longer she would have remained in ignorance if I hadn't spent that wet afternoon looking through her papers."

Lord Northcliffe's Schooldays. The *Times* obituary notice of Lord Northcliffe mentioned that the great newspaper owner had no pleasant recollections of



ENJOYING A BOUT WHICH WON'T SPOIL THEIR BEAUTY: GERMAN BOXERS WEARING THE NEW PRACTICE MASKS.

Photograph by Photolhek.

the left of our host is my eldest daughter, Miss Hutton. Next to her is my nephew, whose name also is Hutton; then his sister, my niece, same name again; and next to her my son."

I forgot, however, to ask him what the correct reply to "Pleased to meet you, Mr. So-and-So" might be. I am not the first Englishman who has puzzled over this point, and most of us have come to the conclusion that we must get the remark in first one day and see.



# When Broadcasting is Broadcast.



Predicament of gentleman who 'broadcasted a call for a taxi.



Distinguished mountaineer averts disaster with a timely broadcast to the valley.



Explosive Brigadier curses every man in his Brigade individually and distinctly.



Result of broadcast announcing 'conf. det. house to let. No premium. vac. poss. every conven.'



Divisional 'broadcast' brings about successful arrest of blackguard.

D'EGVILLE

WIRELESS WAYS AND WIRELESS DAYS: A FORECAST.

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.





## British v. U.S. Golfers.

By R. Endersby Howard.



**An Adventure.** The biggest enterprise in the history of British golf will come to a head on the National links at Long Island, New York, on Monday, Aug. 28, when a team of amateurs representing this country will meet the elect of the United States in an eight-a-side match. Even a year ago, after America had sent the pick of her amateur players to Britain, trampled on the lion's tail, and implored the animal to cross the Atlantic and pay off the score, nobody expected a return adventure. Throughout the generations golf in this little island—the cradle and stronghold of the game—had grown up on conservative and domestic lines. If visitors from abroad liked to call in and beat us, they could be certain of a pat on the back and a perfectly ingenuous word of kindly encouragement. But as for chasing them through the door and back to their own fastnesses, in order to show them who was who—it simply could not be done with dignity.

**Sedate Independence.** Besides, who was going to find the money for these hare-brained expeditions? International rivalry could be staged in other pastimes by the simple process of charging a "gate"; but nobody wanted grand stands and turnstiles and tickets and counterfoils and pass-out checks in connection with golf. So if somebody liked to spend £300 to come 3000 miles and beat us on the links, were you going to spend £300 to pursue him back to his home and try and beat him? Why not let him go away peacefully with his laurels? In this sedate spirit of independence we viewed the subject of international competition at golf until there came into existence a British Championship Committee with a suddenly widened vision. Asked to send a team of amateurs to America, it said that it would if the members of golf clubs throughout the country would combine to subscribe a trifle each towards the enterprise.

**Points of View.** Truth to tell, it shocked a lot of people. Imagine the good old-fashioned, pre-war type of irascible Major or peppery Colonel being asked to subscribe a guinea for this expedition! However, there were people with expansive views concerning the importance of international relations in sport, and, if the British Championship Committee were a little bit disappointed with the result of their appeal, they made up the balance and put their team to sea.

**Bogey! Bogey!** And so now

comes the battle. What are the chances of the visitors? The disposition in this country has been to paint them in rather drab colours. Indeed, one cannot recall any team representing Britain at any game which has been

set adrift by its own compatriots with such complete assurances of its impending discomfiture. "I really do think," said one of the players to me on the day the party sailed, "that we might have been given a little more encouragement on this side. Of course, encouragement isn't everything; but to be told everywhere that we haven't an earthly chance is a good deal—that we don't want." And, in point of fact, it is very absurd to suggest that the British players have gone out to be led like lambs to the slaughter. The impression about the wondrous

own slackness, as they admitted in private conversation, although they did not offer it as an excuse. They did not go near the championship course for practice until a day or two before the event (instead, they went and played on other courses), and they simply found at the finish that they had not learned to judge the distances, as their American rivals had done. Nobody has ever had Harry Vardon's innate genius for judging distances at the first attempt. By the way, I asked Vardon the other day exactly how he did it. And he did not quite know, except, he said, that he made a point of walking eight or ten yards in a half-left direction from his ball, instead of straight ahead, when envisaging the approach. From the left he could always obtain a better idea of the distance and the intervening difficulties than if he viewed the situation from the line of the shot.

**Incentive.** As for the defeat of the British team on

the Royal Liverpool links just over twelve months ago, I am certain—as I said at the time—that it was due to pawky putting. The home players thought that careful golf would carry them to victory. The Americans were in the rôle of attackers; they putted in the spirit of attackers, and, holing out very often from four feet, five feet, or six feet, they won. Exactly the other thing happened in the championship in the following week, for then the British players set out to beat the Americans at their own game, and did it. There was no better example of this than the way in which Mr. Charles Hodgson, the village tobacconist from

Baldon, near Bradford, putted Mr. Francis Ouimet out of the championship. That was essentially a victory for the man who went for his putts and holed them—a trait which was supposed to be particularly Mr. Ouimet's.

**Some Possible Pairings.**

The British players will be the attackers in the forthcoming match, and I think that they will be the better for this incentive.

Let us imagine some pairings. Suppose we put Mr. John Caven, as runner-up in our amateur championship (Mr. E. W. Holderness, the winner, is not available), at the head of the British team. Is there any reason why he should be beaten by Mr. Jesse Guilford, the U.S. champion? None, so far as I can see, for Mr. Caven has exhibited unmistakably just those dour fighting qualities that tell on a big occasion. Then we might have Mr. Roger Wethered v. Mr. Chick Evans. I think I would back Mr. Wethered to win this by the length of his driving. And Mr. Cyril Tolley v. Mr. Bobbie Jones. Mr. Tolley would just revel in that match against the

boy prodigy. And Mr. Colin Aylmer against Mr. Ouimet—the little terrier against the tall tyrant who putts so deucedly well. From whatever angle we look at the sides, I think we can afford to be hopeful.



GRANDCHILDREN OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL : MISS GEORGINA AND MASTER ALEXANDER WERNHER AT NORTH BERWICK.

Miss Georgina and Master Alexander Wernher, the young daughter and son of Major Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, are enjoying their time at North Berwick. Our photographer snapped them riding up to the first tee to see their mother playing off for her morning round.—[Photograph by B.I.]

standard of American amateur golf has become something of a bogey for which there is little justification.

**The Unready.** It has all been born of the blow which Mr. Cyril Tolley, Mr. Roger Wethered, and Lord Charles Hope sustained in 1920 when, going over for the U.S. amateur championship, they failed to survive the qualifying stroke competition, and



WAITING AT THE REDAN: A GROUP OF GOLFERS AT NORTH BERWICK.

This snapshot, taken at the Redan, the famous short hole at the North Berwick Golf Course, shows, left to right: Mr. F. M. Gunther, Counsellor to the American Embassy in Rome; Mrs. Gunther; Miss Hunnewell, Mrs. Gunther's sister; Lady Zia Wernher; Mrs. Hilton Philipson (formerly Miss Mabel Russell); Major Wernher, and Mr. Hilton Philipson. The Wernhers and the Philipsons had been playing a "family" foursome when this photograph was taken.—[Photograph by Balmain.]

of the defeat of the British team by the United States side in the first international contest on the Royal Liverpool links last year. Mr. Tolley, Mr. Wethered, and Lord Charles Hope owed their rather painful humiliation to their



# The Biarritz of the North: Society at North Berwick.



ON THE LINKS: MISS LOIS WISHART THOMSON, MISS EVELYN HAY DRUMMOND, LADY THOMSON, AND CAPTAIN CAMPBELL THISTLE.



WITH MISS SULLY: LADY ZIA WERNHER (RIGHT)



A YOUNG ENTHUSIAST:  
MISS DE SELINCOURT.



DAUGHTERS OF COLONEL AND MRS. GRAHAME:  
THE MISSES GRAHAME.



WITH COMMANDER WALLACE:  
MISS JEAN BAIRD.



WITH MRS. ESMOND: BARON PIERRE  
DE GUNZBERG.



MISS M. VANSITTART, MISS SHEILA MACKINNON, MISS EDITH MACINDOE,  
AND MISS OLIVE MACKINNON (L. TO R.).

North Berwick has been called the Biarritz of the North, and it is certainly the most popular of all Scottish golfing resorts. Our photographs show some well-known people on the famous links. Sir James and Lady Wishart Thomson own Quarry Court, North Berwick. Lady Zia Wernher, the elder daughter of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, and wife of Major Harold Wernher, is a golf enthusiast, like her father.

Mrs. Grahame, the wife of Colonel Grahame, is the sister of Lady Blythwood, and comes of a well-known Scottish family, as she is one of the daughters of the late Mr. John Fletcher of Saltoun. Miss Jean Baird is the only child of Sir David Baird of Newbyth; and Baron Pierre de Gunzberg is the well-known banker who lives in Paris, and comes over to Scotland with his wife and family for a golfing holiday every summer.

*Photographs by Balmain, B.I., and T.P.A.*





# Tales with a sting.

## THE PENITENT WIFE.

By G. B. STERN.

SOME people make their good resolutions on New Year's Eve—and break them.

I make my bad ones on the first of May, when there is a wicked thrill in the air, and usually it is made easy for me to keep them. This year I decided to become an adventuress . . . perhaps because I knew that, after I married Giles, adventure would be over. Not that Giles was a prig, but I don't think I could belong to him and still want to lead a raggedy-taggedy life. So—a last voyage on the wild seas, and then harbour!

And, of course, my way was made easy, as usual.

I was doing Lady McNair's Crush for "Society," and wondering how so many frumps got loose all at once, when I found myself jammed up in a corner and overhearing a conversation which sounded like the beginning of a novel.

"What you want, my dear, is to provide a counter-attraction. Dam the stream and divert the current, so to speak. South-American millionaires, all gold-mines and boomerangs, are frightfully susceptible."

"Yes," wailed another voice in reply; "but, unfortunately, he met Enid first; and what Horatio will say when he finds out that his wife—! Poor Horrie!"—she sighed deeply—"he is so blind!"

"Oh, I've no sympathy for your idolised brother, my dear. A man who can't look after his own property—"

"I'd give a dozen pairs of silk stockings to whatever girl could manage to pull Enriquez away from Enid before Horrie notices anything."

"Well, what about this one? She's got red hair."

A hand grasped my shoulder and coolly spun me round to face the speakers.

"And she's an attractive little devil, too," went on the sharp-featured lady who was putting me in the way of earning twelve pairs of silk stockings.

"Dress her for the part, Susannah, throw her together with Enriquez at a luncheon party, and within a week your pale and fluffy Enid will be drifting back to her rightful lord, with the contrition which only comes from a nose tweaked well out of joint. Good-bye, and never say I haven't helped you out of a mess."

Susannah and I were left to cope with the situation.

I confess that I was tempted. The South American millionaire promised to be amusing; and I have an unholy craving for silk stockings. Also, I very much disliked this unknown Enid—a quite unreasonable prejudice. So I was airy and business-like with Lady Susannah Ponting. I informed her that, naturally, I should expect, in addition, to keep the entire outfit which she was to present to me for the purpose of fascinating Enriquez away from her sister-in-law; and that perhaps a little accidental luncheon party at the Carlton Grill would be the best way of introducing me to the cow-puncher, or whatever he had been in his pre-millionaire days.

Lady Susannah was dough in my hands. She was a gentle, affectionate creature, with a mind like suet-pudding. Obviously, she cared for nothing in the world as much as her brother Horatio, or "poor Horrie," as she always called him, whom I imagined as the typical "fool-husband"—fat, wheezy, middle-aged, with a bald spot the size of half-a-crown, and infatuated, of course, with his

doll-wife. That type of man always gets given the same Christian name as Nelson and Kitchener and the hero who guarded the bridge.

I said nothing to Giles of my undertaking; I doubt if he would have been pleased. He would have urged me to drop it, insisting on giving me the silk stockings himself; and nothing would have made him see that I would rather earn them. And he would have called the millionaire a cad and a bounder—which, as a matter of fact, he was not.

He turned out to be quite shaggy and harmless, and full of boring and melodramatic anecdotes about his own prowess "way out West." I thought nothing of Enid's taste in flirtations; and I thought nothing of Enid herself, when we measured swords across the luncheon table. I had resisted the desire to wear emerald-green simply because my hair was red; and it was just as well, because Enid and I both in emerald-green, one on each side of the millionaire, would have looked like an intoxicated Irishman's double dream of Cathleen ni Houlihan. As it was, I wore pure white—a demon sheathed in innocence. I fancy that Enriquez had had almost enough of Enid fluffing and clinging, and depending almost entirely on her eye-lashes and baby mouth. At all events, by the end of lunch he was giving me all his attention and all his anecdotes, and Susannah was trying to hide her rapture. . . .

During the next ten days I had Enriquez, like the poor, always with me; and it cost me quite an amount in postage to return all his presents. Perhaps I haven't the real soul of an adventuress, after all, because my tiresome conscience refused to let me keep them.

He was very easy to deal with—I simply kept him wondering. I broke my appointments and I changed my mind; I had a different personality for every day in the week. I lost my temper, and sent him on errands, and baffled him, and teased him, and forgave him; I mocked at him and eluded him; I knew everything about life, I knew nothing about life; I was a child, and a woman of the world. . . . He must have felt rather like a top being perpetually spun. And then I heard from Susannah that the trick had worked—that I was a clever little monkey; and that Enid, jilted and disheartened, was creeping back to Horatio, with whom quite certainly she would live happy ever after.

There seemed no reason, therefore, for me to bore myself any longer with my illegitimate captive. We'd been to all the museums—I stuck to the museums and picture-galleries, because most of them were free, and I had an odd dislike that he should spend any money on me. Giles—Giles might dismiss the whole scrape as humorous but unimportant if I could solemnly assure him afterwards that I had had nothing out of it—nothing at all except Susannah's promised reward. So we didn't go to theatres or dinners or on the river or in motor-cars; and I didn't mean to let him come anywhere near the couple of attics which I called my flat; so there remained the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, the National Gallery of Portraits, and other instructive halls akin to these. Enriquez thought London a very dull place! He suggested disconsolately, as we paced up and down parquet floors between roped-off exhibits and suspicious attendants, that I should accompany him back to that

joyous land where Presidents were unceremoniously toppled on and off their thrones, and where I should shine—so he said—like a ruby among black pearls, when we went to the little wine-shops, where half-breed maidens stamped and danced and swayed and carried red roses in the corner of their mouths.

"It sounds a delightful programme," I commented flippantly; "but I think, seriously, Enriquez, that your wife would prefer it if you turned up without me."

It was a careless shot in the dark, but it released a string of oaths from Enriquez . . . so I read him a little lecture on faith, honour, and duty. When he babbled that I was the pure white angel of his life, I gently enlightened him to the fact that I had been playing with him all the time, and that my love was given to another. Enriquez, simple but conceited, could hardly believe this. He sat down heavily on the edge of a Charles II. bed in the Seventeenth-Century Room of the South Kensington Museum, and argued the matter with me; but I stuck to my point. He became primitive and cow-puncher-ish, and seized me by the hair, which, being a short and curly mop, was easy for him to hold. At a venture, I reminded him of Isabella, of Mariquita, and of Juana, which were the only Spanish names I could think of; then, with an after-thought, I threw in Dolores—Enriquez winced, and kicked out savagely at an oak cradle of the period of James I.; he had not yet learnt English manners, and even the solemnity of the South Kensington Museum could not blight his native exuberance. I played "Dolores" for all I was worth; and presently Enriquez began to weep, and said he would indeed return to the Argentine by the very next boat; that he had been mad—the accursed gold had turned his head. So, my task done, I kissed him demurely upon the forehead, accepted with gratitude his offer of a saddle and stirrups which should be sent to me the moment he landed; and we parted.

It had been an entertaining afternoon; but on arriving home, I found Giles lying face downwards on the divan . . . and when he raised his head and I saw his face I was frightened! He had not been to see me lately, and the last time he came he had seemed depressed; but I had thought that was just a mood. But now—

"What is it?" I cried quickly.

"It's good-bye," he answered. "It's no good saying I'm sorry, Puck. I wish I were dead, but—"

"It's not good-bye," and I put both my arms tightly round him. My hands felt very cold suddenly, and my eyes burnt, but I was quite determined to fight down to the very last tattered rag of argument. "Giles, we're both here—"

"My name was Giles Weston at the Arts Ball," he said grimly. "It wasn't my real name."

I interrupted passionately. "No more was Puck my real name! Who cares, at an Arts Ball—or afterwards? If that's all that is afflicting your conscience, I may as well confess at once that my real names are Bertha Cecilia"—and I laughed, though I still felt tremulously unsafe in laughing.

"And mine," said Giles, introducing himself—what a ridiculous scene this was; names between two people who cared!—"mine are Horatio Giles Weston McNair."

The room began to tilt sideways, then to swirl—faster and faster. Presently it slowed

[Continued on page 271.]



# This Week's Studdy.



## HIS MASTER'S VICE!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

The *SECOND* Studdy Dogs' Portfolio is on sale to-day (August 23), and is even better than the first. It contains sixteen plates in colours and continues the famous series of Studdy "Sketch" Dogs. Copies should be obtained immediately.

## Descended from a Famous Parliamentary Family.



THE DAUGHTER OF LADY GALWAY : MISS D'ERLANGER.

Miss d'Erlanger is the daughter of the late Baron Raphael d'Erlanger and of Lady Galway, and the grand-daughter of the late Rt. Hon Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, fourth Baronet, P.C. Her mother married Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Galway, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., in 1913, and entertains a great deal for her daughter. Miss d'Erlanger is, through

her mother, descended from the Blennerhassetts, whose ancestors were long seated in Cumberland and were a famous political race. Members of the family represented Carlisle in nearly every Parliament from Richard II. till James I., and have since then, in almost every generation, represented either Kerry County or the Borough of Tralee.

*Photograph by Hay Wrightson.*



## A Society Recruit to the Stage.



THE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR PONSONBY: MISS ELIZABETH PONSONBY.

Miss Elizabeth Ponsonby is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ponsonby, and the grand-daughter of the late Sir Hubert Parry, Bt., and of Lady Maud Parry, sister of the fourteenth Earl of Pembroke. Miss Ponsonby is taking up the stage as a profession, and has appeared with success with the Compton Comedy Company at the Nottingham

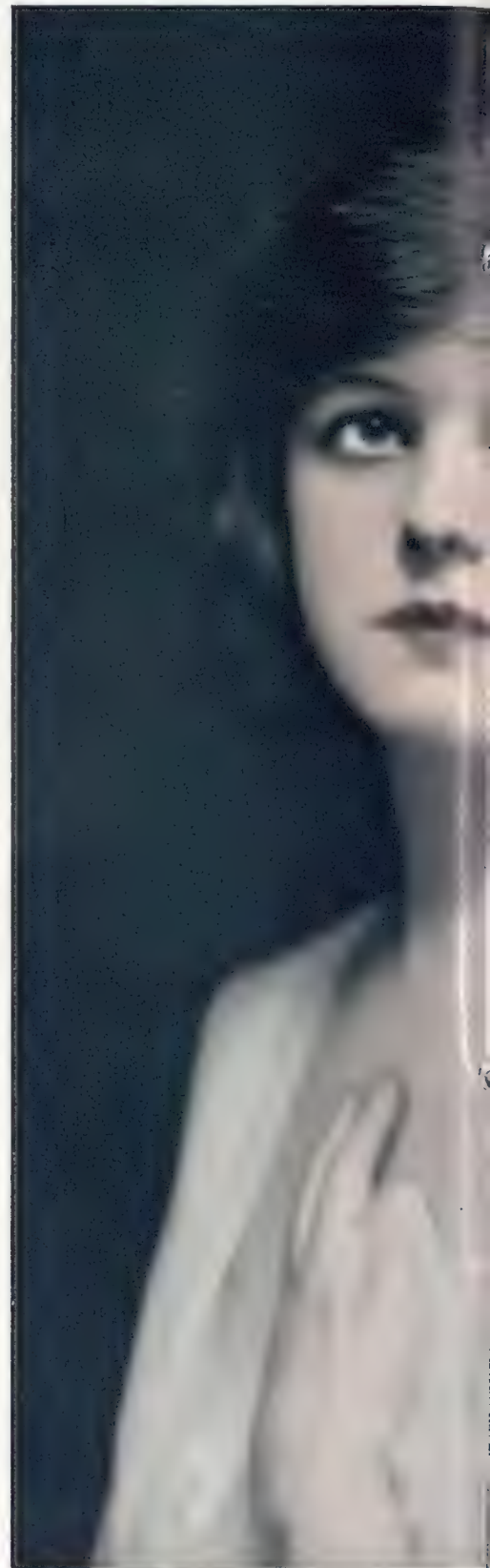
Repertory Theatre. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, her father, is a kinsman of the Earl of Bessborough. He was a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria in 1882-7, and was at one time in the Diplomatic Service. He has also had a distinguished political career, and represented Stirling from 1908 till 1918.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

## "GOOD-LOOKERS" FROM THE "OTHER"



MISS BLANCHE MEHAFFEY.



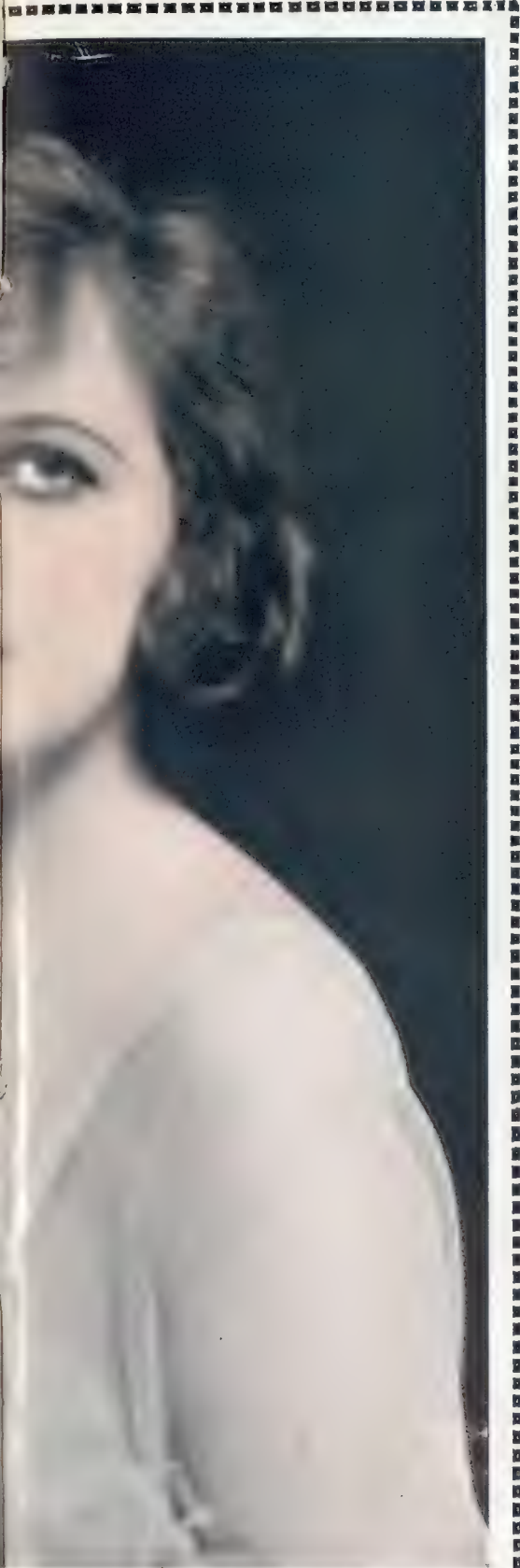
MISS CLARA

The Ziegfeld Folly Girls are always celebrated for being "good-lookers" as well as clever artistes, and this year's recruits to the cast at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, are well up to the Ziegfeld Folly standard of loveliness. Our pages show a trio of new members of the famous Follies. The three

*Photographs by Ed*



# ER SIDE": A TRIO OF FOLLY GIRLS.



BERESBACH.



MISS MARY McDONALD.



ladies—Miss Blanche Mehaffey, Miss Clara Beresbach, and Miss Mary McDonald—are all typical examples of American beauty, and they are all true daughters of Uncle Sam, though, of course, Miss Mehaffey and Miss McDonald must necessarily trace their descent to Irish and Scottish ancestors respectively.

ward Thayer Monroe.

## A "Good-Looker" from the "Other Side."



ONE OF THE BEAUTIES OF THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES: MISS JEAN ARUNDEL.

Miss Jean Arundel is one of the youthful new beauties of the famous Ziegfeld Folly Company, of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, and

is a charming type of American "ingénue" loveliness. Photographs of four more Ziegfeld Folly girls will be found on other pages of this issue.

*Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe.*



## A "Good-Looker" from the "Other Side."



ONE OF THE BEAUTIES OF THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES: MISS MAY BECK.

Miss May Beck is one of the new beauties of the famous Ziegfeld Folly Troupe, of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, and is

a delightful type of American loveliness. Photographs of four more Ziegfeld Folly girls will be found on other pages of this issue.

*Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe.*

# The Younger Daughter of a Well-Known Hostess.



## GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE LATE SIR ANDREW NOBLE, BT.: MISS CYNTHIA NOBLE.

Miss Cynthia Noble is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Saxton Noble, of Kent House, Knightsbridge, and Wretham Hall, Norfolk, and the grand-daughter of the late Sir Andrew Noble, first Bt. He was a well-known expert on explosives, and Chairman of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co.; and his son, Mr. Saxton Noble, is a director of Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth and Co. Mrs. Saxton Noble does a great deal of entertaining for Miss Noble, at Kent House.







# The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by  
H. F. Crowther-Smith.



SUFFERING from a serious surfeit of tournaments, I discovered, at Bournemouth, a most delightful and effective remedy. Shunning the sight of aggressive adults—men and women—glaring at each other over the top of



THE POT-HUNTER

the net, I sought the more secluded portion of the Dean Park ground, where the competitors were entirely made up of boys and girls.

At once I found myself in an atmosphere of the purest amateurism. Here were those who had entered the tournament to enjoy themselves, and were playing the game for the sheer love of it. They represented the last five of the seventeen events on the programme; but, from the point of view of fresh, unsullied sportsmanship, they easily ranked first.

I watched a match between a tiny boy, with the significant name of Norton, and a very tall boy. It was a handicap, and in this event it had been arranged that the first player who won nine games, won the match. The small boy was so Lilliputian that his racket looked as big as the huge thing that Donisthorpe used to wield. His opponent was grow-

ing so fast that he reminded me of Alice in Wonderland, when she said good-bye to her feet. I'm sure he was taller at the end of the match than he was at the beginning.

The boy umpire was great. He seemed to have all the laws at his finger-ends, and gave quick and definite decisions. I know he wanted the little boy to win, because, when he passed him to change courts, I heard him say, "Buck up! Only two more games!" The small boy got them all right, and won quite comfortably. But there was such a nice spirit running through the

match. If a ball fell so short that it couldn't be returned, most sincere apologies were offered by the opponent. And there was

always a substantial "Thanks, awfully," to the umpire for his services.

On another court an English and a French schoolboy were having a keen struggle with a delightful Entente Cordiale touch about it. Round the umpire's chair stood about half-a-dozen compatriots of the French boy. One of them wore a cap very like Borotra's. In his right hand I noticed something which, though wrapped in brown paper—from its shape, and the fact that the trigger was protruding from a hole torn in the paper—was obviously a toy pistol. The English boy won, though his opponent—quite a promising player—had pressed him very hard.

The umpire, a small girl, was most efficient, and her clear delivery of the score was a joy to listen to. When the match was over, I asked the little umpire her name. It was Christobel Annesley. I told Christobel how nice it was to hear the score so clearly announced. A little later, as she was taking her seat to officiate in another match, I caught her eye; and I thought the look she gave me was meant as an invitation, as much as to say—

"I'm going to call out the score again here, if you really like hearing me do it."

But it saddened me a little, when I reflected that all these dear small sportsmen would have to grow up and be big some day. Some of them would no doubt develop into first-class players. My fear was that in the doing of it they might lose their love for the game, and acquire in its stead the greed of the pot-hunter.

Anyhow, we do want to have a genuine English Champion again—like we had in 1909—and this early match play and tournament experience must help very materially to discover one.

The Old Country wants rousing to its sense of duty, and if every patriotic parent were to have the nursery linoleum marked out as a miniature court, engage only a nurse who knew the laws of lawn-tennis backwards, and provide his progeny with tiny rackets

and balls in proportion, the title of World's Champion on grass would belong to us, possibly in perpetuity. And, lest the breed of umpires should die out, let the latest arrival in the nursery have its high chair always placed by the end of the net, and the small occupant be encouraged to shout loudly during a game.

We male things are often apt to ridicule the ever-changing state of women's fashions. But in the matter of wearing the hair in the lawn-tennis court the dear things have arrived at a far more definite and lasting decision than the mere man.

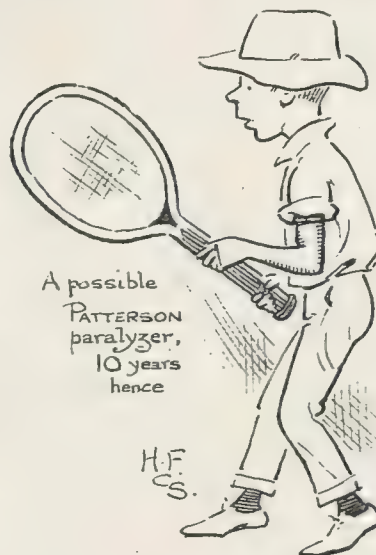
The bandeau which Suzanne Lenglen is credited with creating has been, for some years now, almost as essential to a woman's head as the strings to her racket. Men, on the other hand, are still floundering in a sea of uncertainty as to how best they can adorn their heads so that the hair keeps its shape and freshness under the strain of tournament

play. I thought at one time that the bandeau was going to be universally worn by men. We know how delightfully becoming it can be in pure white linen—especially in conjunction with spectacles and the right type of masculine face. But Fisher still persists in wearing his tweed cap—which to me is as unsightly with flannels as brown boots with a silk hat. Borotra, too, refuses to do anything else but force his vigorous growth of hair into a queer kind of black bag.

All these modes, however, were completely out-classed at Bournemouth by one player who kept his refractory fair hair from impairing his vision by a little round tortoiseshell slide, and by another whose jet-black locks were actually enclosed by a hair-net!

I tried to make an excuse for him. Net worn round the feet has been officially barred, on the ground that it injures the lawn. Perhaps this man thought, "Well, I must wear a net somewhere. They won't let me wear it round my feet, so I'll put it on my head."

If the grass suffered as much from netted feet as I did when I saw this man with his hair in a net, I'm glad the practice has at last been stopped.



H.F. S.



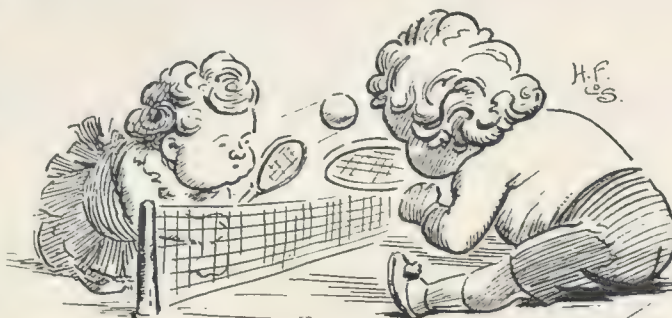
H.F. S.



H.F. S.



H.F. S.



THE NURSERY COURT.

H.F. S.



# THE YOUNGER GENERATION SHOW THEIR FORM



SITTING TO TWO YOUNG COMPETITORS:  
MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS.



CONTAINING SOME CHAMPIONS OF THE FUTURE



SON OF MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS:  
MASTER GRAHAM CHAMBERS.



PLAYING IN THE DOUBLES: MISS EILEEN  
BENNETT.



CHILDREN OF MR. WINSTON  
MASTER RANDOLPH

The Frinton-on-Sea Junior Lawn-Tennis Tournament was a great event, and excellent form was shown by the younger generation on the lawn-tennis courts. There was a good entry, which included Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's son and daughter, Master Randolph and Miss Diana Churchill, who played together in the Mixed Doubles. Mrs. Lambert Chambers' young son, Master Graham Chambers, also competed, and naturally aroused much

Photographs by L.N.A., S. and





# THE FRINTON JUNIOR LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.



LONG LINE OF YOUNG COMPETITORS.



CALLING UP HER PARTNER FOR THE DOUBLES:  
MISS MOLLIE THOMAS.



ARCHILL: MISS DIANA AND  
ARCHILL.



THE YOUNGEST COMPETITOR: MISS PATRICIA  
LOWE—AGED SEVEN.



WELL UP! MISS DOREEN POTTS PLAYS  
A DIFFICULT SHOT.

interest by his play, as everyone was anxious to see whether he has inherited his mother's genius for the game. The ages of the competitors varied, as the youngest, Miss Patricia Lowe, was only seven, while some of the other children were in their 'teens. Frinton Lawn-Tennis Club is a particularly prettily situated lawn-tennis ground, and the tournament was much enjoyed by both the spectators and the young folk who took part in it.

# Deauville Diversions *(Being the Musings of Miranda.)*



## The "Duc de Tolédo."

The arrival of King Alphonso XIII. of Spain has lent an added gaiety to what is the wettest season on record at Deauville. The sun has ventured out on one or two occasions, so as to let his Majesty see what the Plage Fleurie can look like; but most of the time it is a continuous downpour, and instead of being the finest fashion display in the world, Deauville, as I write, is a dejected crowd of umbrellaed and mackintosh-clad figures.

Under the informal incognito of Duc de Tolédo, which is no disguise at all, the King is staying with his friends the Marquis and Marquise de Viana at the Villa Clairefontaine at Hennequeville, where Mr. Lloyd George also stayed a few years ago. His Majesty has made an extensive tour of the neighbourhood in his Rolls-Royce, which most of the time he drives himself, much to the anxiety of the local police.

Every morning he drives or rides down to the Potinière to drink cocktails and eat the local shrimp, accompanied by his friends, who include Señor Quinonès de Leon, the Spanish Ambassador in Paris, who is a member of the house party; the Duke and Duchess of Peñaranda; and Lord and Lady Wodehouse, the last named looking very attractive in riding breeches and a yellow jersey when she accompanied the King the other morning.

## H.M. at the Casino.

All Deauville tried to dine at the Casino the night the King was there with Señor Quinonès de Leon, the Marquis de Viana, and the Duke of Almenara. Not a table was vacant, and the crowd was so great that it was only with much difficulty that the waiters were able to move between the guests. The King was very much intrigued, by the really marvellous dancing of Mitty and Tillio (well known to Londoners in "The Golden Moth"), who surpassed themselves in honour of the occasion. Everybody was wearing the most wonderful and elaborate gowns in honour of the Royal guest; and the display of jewels was exceptional even for Deauville, where diamond bracelets up to the elbow are no uncommon sight. After dinner the King went in to hear Marthe Chenal in "Boccace," Suppé's delightful light opera. Then he went to the baccarat rooms, disappearing into the men's room to escape for a time the too interested attentions of his legion of feminine admirers. It must be trying indeed to be the cynosure of a circle of watchful eyes wherever one goes—the fate of royalty in Deauville as in other places. The King of Spain is most good-tempered and long-suffering in this respect.

It was most disappointing that the race meeting which opened the famous Aug 15 week should have been marred by a continuous downpour. But it has become almost inevitable that it should

rain on Sundays at Deauville. The elements have no pity for the week-ender, so it seems rather a short-sighted policy on the part of the powers that be not to arrange all the most important events for the middle of the week, when it is occasionally fine. The King of Spain arrived in time for the second race, when the rain gave over for a little, though the sky was still overcast and the ground so sodden that the polo match which was to have taken place afterwards, with the King playing in a team made up with Lord Rocksavage, the Duke of Peñaranda, and Mr. Tommy Hitchcock, had to be postponed. The King sat in the Turf Club stand with the Shah of Persia, who is enjoying a great deal of Western gaiety during his stay at Deauville.

## English Well Knowns.

Many well-known English people were present, armed with mackintoshes and umbrellas. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are recent visitors, and were with the Marquis and Marquise Santiago de Pidal. General Fitzgerald was also there, and Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, with their daughters. They are staying on board their yacht in Trouville Harbour. A small girl was



WITH THE HON. MRS. REGGIE FELLOWES: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (LEFT).

The Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes was formerly Princesse Jean de Broglie. She has been at Deauville, and is shown with the Duchess of Sutherland at the races.

Photograph by C.N.

heard to ask ingeniously if Fitzgerald and Fitzwilliam were brothers! Lord and Lady Dunraven also have their yacht at Trouville, and came in for the races.

Lady Idina Gordon was looking extremely smart in a workman-like jumper dress of dull tobacco brown, with a gay bandana handkerchief and the inevitable waterproof. Lady Drogheda brought over her two children from her villa at Houlgate. Lord and Lady Stanley came with Lady Victoria Bullock, who never misses a racing season at Deauville.

The theatrical contingent was represented by Polaire, who still refuses to wear stockings; Mistinguett, who

came over from her villa at Villers; Cora Laparcerie, with her husband, Jean Richepin, and Marthe Chenal, who sang divinely the night before.

## The Climax of the Season.

Polo has been more popular than ever since the arrival of the King of Spain. The first day his Majesty played the accommodation of the club ground was taxed to its limits. Everybody wants to get a glimpse of the sporting monarch, and he plays a most excellent game, besides being a magnificent horseman. Deauville is persistently optimistic in its belief that the Prince of Wales will come over for a few days to enjoy his favourite game now that there are so many famous players here. Time will show.

The crowds in the Casino are tremendous now, for Aug. 15 marks the beginning of the big fortnight which is the climax of Deauville's season. It is remarkable how very well-dressed are the Englishwomen. They compare favourably with all the *élégantes* of other nations who are assembled here.

Play is tremendously high again. Everybody has been interested in the luck of an Englishwoman who sits at the head of the big table with stacks of thousand-franc notes in front of her. One night she went away with a win of over 400,000 francs!



THE MASTER OF THE BELVOIR IN BATHING KIT: MAJOR "TOMMY" BOUCH.

Major "Tommy" Bouch, the Master of the Belvoir, has been at Deauville, where our photographer snapped him going in for a bathe.

Photograph by S. and G.



A NEWSPAPER MAGNATE AND HIS WIFE AT DEAUVILLE: LORD AND LADY BEAVERBROOK.

Lord Beaverbrook, who is a Canadian by birth, has recently been at Deauville. He is one of the great newspaper magnates, and responsible for the "Express." Lady Beaverbrook is the daughter of Brigadier-General Charles William Drury, C.B., of Halifax, Nova Scotia.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



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# The Best Young Beards and Their Mother.



DINAH PARTLETT OF "QUARANTINE":  
MISS EDNA BEST.



IN PRIVATE LIFE, MRS. SEYMOUR BEARD: MISS EDNA BEST  
AMONG HER ROSES.



THE "BEST" TWINS AND THEIR MOTHER: JOHN AND JAMES IN THEIR CARRIAGE.

Miss Edna Best, the heroine of "Quarantine," the successful Tennyson Jesse play at the Comedy, is in private life Mrs. Seymour Beard, and the mother of a famous pair of twins, who got more talked about at their parent's last first night than the play, the author, or the cast! Our photographs, which were taken at Miss Edna Best's home at Hove, Sussex, show her in her garden and with her sons. One is named James and

the other John, after their distinguished god-parents—Sir James Barrie and Mr. John Vedrenne; but we would not presume to say which young gentleman is which in our picture! "Quarantine" is meeting with a great and very well deserved success. Mr. A. E. Matthews is the latest recruit to the cast, having recently taken Mr. Owen Nares' place as Tony Blunt.—[Photographs by Stage Photo Co.]

Continued.]

Laurence was kissing his faithful friend and helpmate as the waters of the St. Lawrence closed over his dreams and that ever-present longing for home whereby had come his tragic death."

And so the triple joke was played to the end. Had these three men been born without great ideals, without a passionate love of literary and pictorial beauty, how much happier had been their lives! They tried to beautify a commonplace world with lovely gardens, and all their strivings, in the end, came to nought. But the artistic spirit is immortal. The strivings, and the failings, and the brief flashes of victory will continue.

**Sir Arthur Pinero's Advice.** Mr. Brereton has told very clearly, and with delicate insight, the story of the boyhood, the careers, and the deaths of Harry and Laurence Irving. Many interesting and beautiful letters were placed before him by their mother, Lady Irving.

Sir Arthur Pinero, a lifelong friend of the Irving family, told Mr. Brereton that he urged Harry Irving to choose the Bar as a profession in preference to the stage.

"I told him," said Sir Arthur, "I truly believed that, while his father's commanding public position would be of assistance to him at the Bar, it would assuredly overshadow him in the theatre. Finally, I expressed the opinion that a man, in his choice of a profession, should always make the circumstances in which it is likely to land him in later life his first consideration, and I entreated him to remember that a barrister of fifty is still young, and that an actor of fifty—especially a romantic actor—is a veteran. He listened to me with the deepest attention, and seemed impressed by my arguments. Not long afterwards I heard that he had decided to entrust his fortunes to the stage."

Anybody can be wise after the event. Sir Arthur Pinero was evidently wise before the event.

**The Simplicity of Laurence.** It will be news to many playgoers that Laurence, associated in their minds with tragedy and exotic gloom, should have cherished, almost as a ruling passion, a love of his simple cottage home. Mr. Brereton quotes a very illuminating letter to Lady Irving, written in the train on the actor's way from Exeter during his tour of the music-halls:

"Dear Mother,—Please excuse pencil, but your poor younger son has been rushing from one town to another doing flying matinées. They are over-trying, and at this time of the year not profitable. Only sea baths have kept me up at all. . . . The little place at Hove is delightful. When I can, I always go down on a Sunday and work in the garden—which is full of all manner of fruit and vegetables. If it were not for the loneliness, it is wonderful what attractive and uncostly little places one can buy in the country—buy and possess. I feel I never better invested money than in the — I paid for the little house at Hove. There is for all time a roof over our heads."

It is from such letters as that, never published until after the writer's death, that the public come to a proper understanding of a character known to them only in the distorting glare of publicity. For myself, I never knew Laurence Irving, but I often studied him at close quarters; we both frequented the pits of West-End theatres. I remember that, from a back bench of the St. James's pit, we witnessed Sir Arthur Pinero's glorious play, "Mid-Channel."

**Mabel Hackney.** Not till we reach the Appendix do I find any point on which I am not quite in agreement with Mr. Brereton. In a little note on Mrs. Laurence Irving he writes: "Mrs. Laurence Irving was overshadowed by her husband.

She was, however, a good all-round actress, especially in parts which did not call for the display of the tender side of woman's nature."

Here is what I wrote of her as Charlotte in "Les Hanneçons," the version of that exquisite comedy produced by the Stage Society, and translated from the original of Brieux by H. M. Clark:

"Good writing, as usual, produced good acting. Miss Mabel Hackney, for example, made the success of her life yesterday afternoon. . . . She lived in that room and with that man; you had never a doubt of it. She cried, and laughed, and petted, and teased, and sulked, and raved—all as lightly and as surely as you please. A very, very clever piece of work, and one that will not be forgotten."

I, at any rate, have not forgotten it, nor have I forgotten Mr. Charles V. France in the opposite part. I never saw Laurence Irving in his own version of "Les Hanneçons," called, rather clumsily, "The Incubus," but he could not possibly have been better than Charles France. In honouring the dead, one must not forget the living.

"Huntingtower." Mr. John Buchan is apparently convinced that there is still a public for tales of fighting. The war is over,



SHOWING OFF THE LATEST DRESSES:  
MISS PAULA GELLIBRAND.

Miss Paula Gellibrand, the well-known Society beauty who goes' out so much under the chaperonage of Baroness d'Erlanger, spends much of her spare time assisting with the display of the models at Victoire's, of the Brompton Road. Our photographs show her in two of the latest models. That on the left shows one of the new long-skirted evening gowns. It is carried out in a daring shade of royal-blue, and relies on its beautiful lines to achieve distinction. The dress on the right is of delphinium-blue embroidered with beads. The front has a simple straight effect, and there is a dainty little cape at the back.

Photograph by C.N.

but Bolshevism flourishes. Bolsheviks have agents in all parts of the world, we are told, not forgetting Scotland.

Why not a Russian Princess who has fled from the perils of Bolshevism? Why not have her "immured" in a lonely castle by the sea? With "jools" of fabulous value in her possession?

All good old stuff, but there must be something new. A new style of hero. A Glasgow provision merchant, very rich, on a walking tour in search of Romance? Good! And a pack of Glasgow street urchins playing a glorified game of Boy Scouts? Yes!

Mr. Buchan was evidently very taken with his Gorbals Die-Hards, as the urchins style themselves. One of them, Dougal, is a super-urchin. He issues orders to grown men and strangers after the manner of a General in the field:

"Now you listen to your instructions," he tells Sir Archie and his men. "We're terrible few for such a big place, but we maun make up for shortness o' numbers by extra mobility. The gem-keeper will keep the windy that looks on the verandy, and fell any man that gets through. You'll hold the verandy door, and the ither lame man—is't Carfrae ye call him?—will keep the back door. I've telled the one-armed man, who has some kind of a head on him, that he maun keep on the move. . . ."

You don't, of course, believe in it a bit, nor does Mr. Buchan, from his dedicatory preface,

ask you to believe in it. To be thrilled is all. Why not take a chance?

**"The Secret of the Shadow."** Who was Harry Doore, and what was his secret? Well, I think I know, but I don't intend to kill joy (and the author's sales) by telling you. If your curiosity is roused, you must get this novel and solve the problem for yourself.

The scene is laid, for the most part, in New Orleans. You will therefore combine amusement with instruction. You will get to know the tiny home of Mme. de Narigny, situated in a lane, backed by the walls of the old de Grandpré du Foniât mansion, corner of Chartres Street, where the little daughter of Féliciane and Harry Doore was born.

It is your duty to yourself to enlarge your mind by reading of places you have never visited, and, perhaps, never will visit. You think you know, for example, all about Creoles. If you were asked what a Creole was, you would reply: "Oh, a half-caste." Wrong. All these years you have read about Creoles, and talked about Creoles, and heard Creoles talked about, and never known the real meaning of the word. Shame!

Let Mrs. Griffiths introduce you to the real Creole—a race of European origin. And all the while you will be getting nearer and nearer to the secret of Harry Doore.

"H.B." and Laurence Irving. By Austin Brereton (Grant Richards; 12s. 6d. net).

Huntingtower. By John Buchan. (Hodder and Stoughton 7s. 6d. net.)

The Secret of the Shadow. By Gertrude Griffiths. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)



# Another Housing Problem.



THE NOUVEAU RICHE: And this is my Louis Quatorze room.

THE GUEST: Really! And what makes you think so?

DRAWN BY LENDON.

# Crack Men of the Crack Counties.



H. W. LEE.



N. HAIG.



E. L. KIDD.

## F. T. MANN.

F. T. MANN, the captain of the Champion County XI. of 1921, is one of the outstanding personalities of the day. Thoroughly well did he deserve the honour of being chosen as captain, first of the Gentlemen at Lord's, and then of the M.C.C. team to tour in South Africa during the coming season out there. There is no more popular man among cricketers to-day. As a player he is a better field than he is given the credit for being, and of the strength of his batting there is no doubt whatever. He can both defend and hit, and his hits for six this season outnumber those of any other regular player. Mann was educated at Malvern and Cambridge, where he was a Rugby football as well as a cricket Blue. He served in the Hussars in the war and was severely wounded.

## N. HAIG.

N. Haig was at Eton, but not in the XI. His cricket developed much later, when he came on apace so well as to be now one of the most dangerous bowlers in England while the ball is new. For that ability he was chosen, and not for his batting powers, to play for England at Lord's last summer. But his captain did not put him on while the ball was new! At his best he is an attacking batsman of some merit. He is a good real tennis-player. Some years ago he married Miss Unity More.

## E. L. KIDD.

E. L. Kidd was educated at Wellington College and Cambridge, of which University he was one of the wisest of captains. So wise, indeed, that, like C. M. Wells before him,

E. ("PATSY") HENDREN  
AND F. J. DURSTON.

F. T. MANN.

he was nicknamed "Father." Other Cambridge captains have had a more Biblical nickname. Kidd was a useful slow leg-break bowler in his day, and a very good hard-hitting batsman. Owing to business in Dublin, this stout-hearted cricketer has very little time for cricket. More is the pity, for the game can ill spare his kind.

## E. (PATSY) HENDREN & F. J. DURSTON.

"Patsy" and "Jack" are two of Middlesex's England cricketers—excellent triers both. Hendren, besides being a brilliant fielder anywhere, is first in the batting averages; but Durston has been a little below his best form as a fast bowler this year. He is young enough to return to form in the years to come.

## H. W. LEE.

Harry Lee rose quickly to his place as a No. 1 batsman for Middlesex. He has had the disadvantage of having to go in first this and last season with a dozen different partners. A good field and useful right-hand bowler, he is a capital man to have in a county eleven. Two men were discussing him recently when one remarked that he didn't think Lee was so popular with his fellow-professionals, and not only those of Middlesex, as he might be—a remark, by the way, which has no basis in fact. He got his answer, though, when the other asked quietly: "Is that because Lee went to the war in August 1914?" Lee was badly wounded when certain other cricket and football professionals were walking about as "embusqués." No first-class cricket professor, except the late Colin Blythe, George Gunn, and Edwards of Surrey 2nd XI., did as well as Lee in the Great Adventure.



# Invaluable in Sickness —

## 'Allenburys' The DIET

Made from enriched full-cream milk and creamy wheat, peptonised during manufacture, the 'Allenburys' Diet is invaluable in sickness. Entirely distinct from the 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants, the preparation is remarkable for the ease with which it is retained and assimilated even by the most delicate digestions. It is easily prepared by the addition of boiling water only, and its use avoids the troublesome failures which accompany attempts at peptonising in the home.

*Thus a Physician writes to us:*

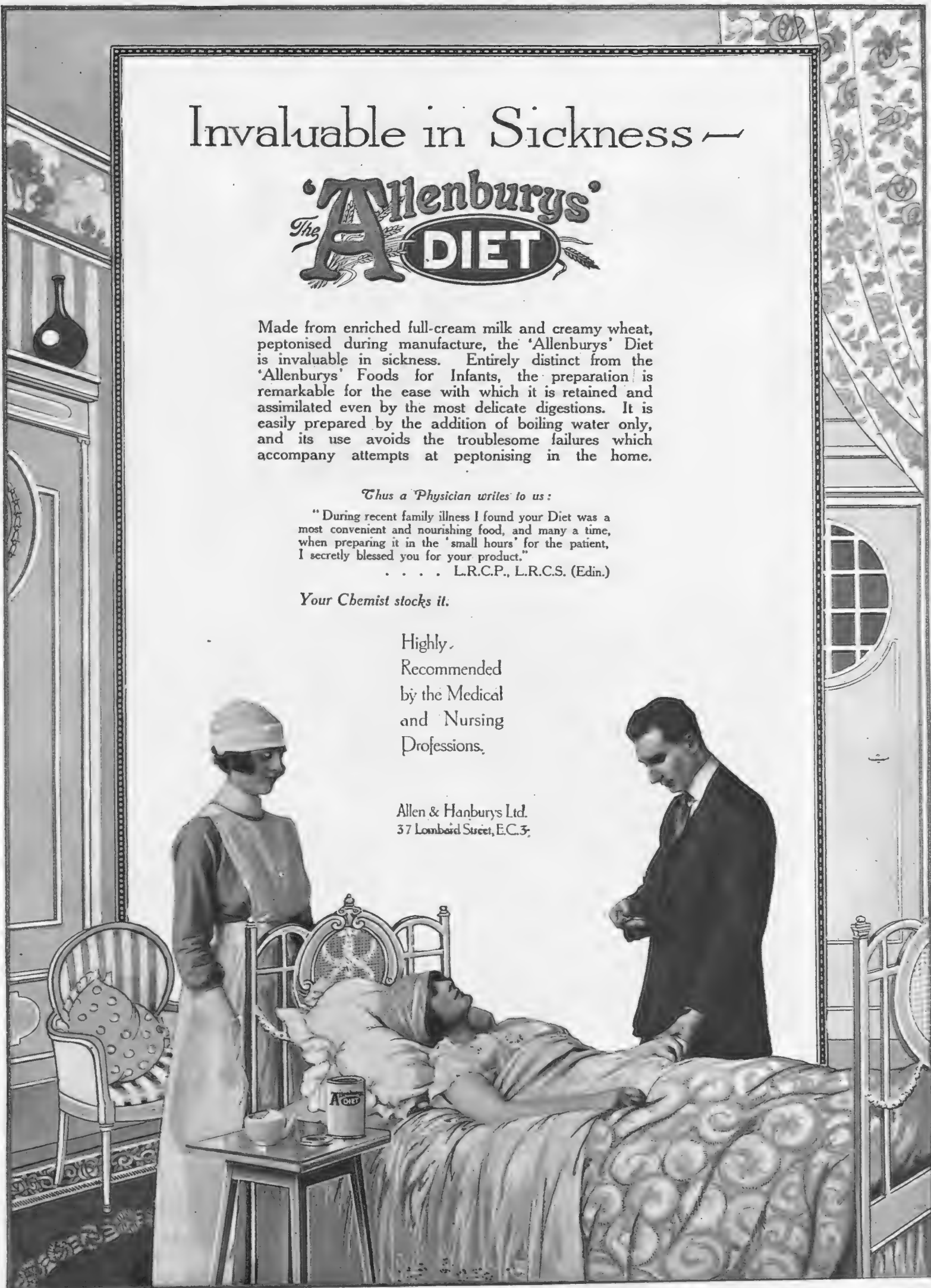
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# Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

## Some New Accessories.

I often wonder whether the time will arrive when I shall not spend any more money on extra gadgets for my car. Somehow or other, motorists generally seem to be as easily tempted to put their hands in their pockets as are the gentler sex to empty their purse at the drapers' each time they approach attractive shop windows. Only it is the accessory merchants who capture the car-owning fraternity. For instance, under pressure from the petticoat side of the house, I reinstated the dickey seat of my phaeton Fiat. It is an uncomfortable seat except for the very young (who like to be blown about a bit), as there is practically no weather protection at all. In fact, my conscience pricked me every time I offered anyone a lift in it. It won't do so in future, as the wonderful Brown Brothers drew my attention to the "Personal" wind-screen, which is a celluloid curved window on a swing bracket, that is adjustable as regards height and position, and adequately protects the face and shoulders, besides carrying a dust and waterproof apron to form a covering for the rest of the anatomy of the passenger behind it. I saw it, and bought it for the dickey, and then I thought, "Well this does just about complete the outfit"; but, bless your heart! wait until my next visit to the gadget house, and it is Lombard Street to a china orange that I buy something. Yet I have spring-covers, a thermometer on the radiator, shock-absorbers, a foot-pump, a patent petrol-pourer, a new petrol-spare-tin carrier, two horns, a set of Lodge spark gap terminals, and—crikey! I forgot the nights are arriving sooner now, and I have no spotlight or inspection lamp. There you are! Before I have half finished telling you all the accessories I carry, there still is room left to buy another useful gadget. And so it is with every other motorist, as far as I can gather from their remarks. Which reminds me—a set of Allen Liversidge's "get-you-home" acetylene lamps is a jolly good egg, should the electrical equipment break down.

## Wind-Screen Draughts.

Another item that might also be taken in hand by the motor trade is to design a wind-screen that does not give those that sit behind it a stiff neck from the constant back draught it sets up. I feel very sensitive about this at the moment, as this wet summer makes me feel a bit rheumatical, and draughts do not improve matters. The worst of it is that, whether the screen is vertical, divided, inclined, in two panels or in one, all seem to be equally clever in producing the same "cold neck" effect. As far as I know, the only comfort I get from a front driving screen is to keep the dust out of my eyes, or the wet, unless the front plane of the screen almost touches the steering wheel. Back screens are usually better, as they can be brought closer to the faces of the passengers, and the air currents at the back of these persons'

necks manages to curl round with an air cushion between the traveller and the back swirl of air. In fact, I seldom entirely close my divided front screen, preferring to have a slight front draught in place of a worse back one. Considering Teddington Laboratory is always experimenting on stream-line and other such acts in its wind tunnel, I wonder someone has not solved this back-draught nuisance before this.

## Overcooled Engines.

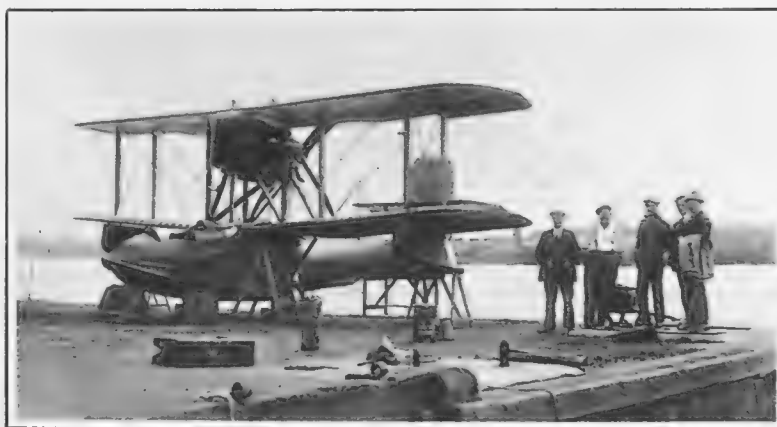
Talking of draughts also reminds me that this year motorists seem to be grumbling that they cannot get their engines



IN HER RUN-ABOUT ON THE SEA FRONT AT DEAUVILLE: MISTINGUETT, THE FAMOUS ACTRESS.

Mlle. Mistinguett, the famous Parisian actress, has been visiting Deauville, where our photographer snapped her on the sea-front.—[Photograph by I.B.]

hot enough. Perhaps it is propaganda or the latest fashionable grumble; but anyhow, my opinion is they ought to consider themselves jolly lucky that this is their complaint. It is very easy to correct an engine that is overcooled, but mighty hard to cool properly one that over-heats at the slightest provoca-



WINNER OF THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY FOR GREAT BRITAIN: THE NAPIER SUPERMARINE AEROPLANE.

The Supermarine and Napier Companies made it possible for Great Britain to regain the Schneider Trophy this year, for it is the first time since 1919 that this country was able to send a machine to compete for this race. Had the Italians been successful in winning this year, the cup would have remained permanently with them. Colonel Moore-Brabazon, on behalf of the committee and members of the Royal Aero Club, sent a congratulatory message to the Napier Company, expressing their delight at the success of the British machine and the pilot, Mr. H. C. Biard.

tion. It is a very good sign that motor engineers are producing cars that can do their work up the steepest hills, and in hot climates with perhaps a following wind, without



boiling. I hear talk of radiator shutters, thermostatic control, and similar high-brow jargon; but being only, like the late John Bright, a dealer in Anglo-Saxon simple words, I merely run without the fan-belt in cold weather and let the radiator and the oil cooling do the rest. If that is too much for the engine, put the fan-belt on again, and blanket out the radiator a bit by pasting a portion of it up with brown paper; or fasten a tin plate behind it in place of the brown paper. It is easy to do in either material, and I like paper best, as one can alter the amount of the blanket so easily in order to get the best results. These, of course, can only be obtained by experimenting, as some cars have more cooling surface than others. I suppose my 10 h.p. Fiat is the most cooled engine of any of the small cars, yet even in the coldest of cold weather I have had no difficulty in starting it or in warming it up, as I leave the fan out of working in winter, and cut down the radiator surface in moderate cold, like autumn, with a foot of brown paper behind the radiator, which is really quite large.

## Too Fast Cars.

A gentleman with a name that is somewhat difficult to English tongues has covered a mile in 19.97 seconds, which means a speed of 180.27 miles per hour for that mile. It is said that he may bring the car to Brooklands, as this speed was done in Florida. Well, I hope he won't bring that 250 h.p. car over here at all. In the first place, such speeds are no good to us at all, and in the second degree, if he tries to lap Brooklands at that rate, he'd better insure for the benefit of his heirs before he makes the effort, as there is a limit to speeds when safety has to be considered. Not that the track itself is dangerous at that rate, for I believe General Sir H. C. L.

Holden designed it to take 200 miles per hour. It is the human factor jumping little bumps that become mountains at such a speed that is the difficulty. Besides, cars are now getting too fast. I have driven nearly a dozen different cars this year which could do 80 miles an hour on the road. But the roads and the traffic won't let you, so what is the good of 180 miles per hour, as this kind of car wants a lot of stopping, especially when you want to do it in a hurry. No, I think the speed factor has reached its necessary maximum, and that the motoring public want more comfort, more automatic lubrication, no draughts in open touring cars, no rattles in closed carriages—in fact, better the details, please, Mr. Automobile Engineer, and do not bother to worry about more speed. Why, for instance, does almost every car-owner have to fit shock-absorbers? The Prince of Wales

had Houdailles fitted on his Rolls-Royce the other day. Let us have the complete and finished article, and let speeds stay where they are at present.



## Plays — Without Prejudice.



### THOUGHTS ON VARIETY AND THE NEW THEATRE, OXFORD.

Gilbert and Sullivan.

The days of its glory, of course, are Few and Far Between. When the family coaches line up in George Street to set down all that is best and most brilliant in North Oxford, and the Duke of Devizes puts on his Garter and his nobleman's Tuft to walk along from his rooms in Broad Street to see the play and to be seen by the audience. But it is not a bit like that really. The great nights of pre-war Oxford were the six glorious evenings when Mr. Henry Lytton and Mr. Fred Billington played Gilbert and Sullivan, and the house rose at them in the unaccustomed glory of dress-shirts.

#### O.U.D.S.

Those, and the days and nights of O.U.D.S., when a delighted public recognised its friends through the grease-paint and in spite of an unusual bareness about the knees and an unaccustomed profusion of Roman armour about the chest. On any ordinary evening it was a theatre with a striking flavour of its own. Because one cannot remember to have seen elsewhere a house in which the Stalls fraternised loudly and volubly with the Pit. But on Great Occasions it was quite *sui*, as they say, *generis*. In spite of the absence of boxes—an omission due (it is believed) to considerations of discipline and the advisability of omitting from the structure machine-gun nests from which Bottles and Other Hard Objects might be projected on to the stage without prompt proctorial intervention.

#### Vacation.

That was in term-time, of course. But in vacation—oh, how different! In the place where Miss Horniman's young ladies and gentlemen used to carry the austere but inspiring torch of the New Drama, transpontine emotions writhe and stamp; and across the boards where the adorable Mr. Fred Billington used wordlessly to convey that there was No Possible Doubt Whatever a curious variety entertainment takes its variegated way. Strange to listen to. And stranger still to sit in the familiar seats with a houseful of Oxford citizens behind you—and hardly a single human being *in statu pupillari* within hail.

#### Varieties.

A curious thing, too, is the old-time variety entertainment, as you may still encounter it in an

out-of-the-way corner of the provinces. Because Oxford out of term is indubitably provincial (term-time makes it suburban once more). You will find, when you encounter it, a performance almost wholly free from the influences which have superseded the Varieties of London with "London, Valparaiso, and Yucatan" and "Zo-Zo." Mr. Cochran, you feel, would hardly know which way to look. America and its syncopation are not wholly absent. But they appear only in the mildest and most secondary form.



WHERE THE PREMIER'S £90,000 BOOK WILL BE WRITTEN? MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S NEW HOUSE AT CHURT.

Mr. Lloyd George's new house at Churt, near Hindhead, is now ready for occupation, and some people are speculating whether it will be the place in which the most famous book of reminiscences is to be written. It stands in grounds of seventy acres, is situated on the summit of a hill, and is a low, two-storied building.—[Photograph by C.N.]

#### Lion Comique.

The core and centre of the show is, as it used to be when the horse omnibuses rumbled up and down the Strand, the old, authentic Lion Comique. With lungs of brass. And a pinkish nose. And real, Anglo-Saxon jokes, without a trace of negro or East Side about him. You may still, if you are lucky, catch the faint murmur of Mr. Austin Rudd singing, "Sailors Don't Care." And not so faint as all that, either. Because it was the essence of the old comic singing that it came and said it loud and clear. But it was really funny about it, and relied upon the mobile features of the performer and the inherent comicality of his lines rather than upon

any farcical orchestration or nigger noises from a trap-drum.

#### Patter.

So there you have a sound British institution. As old as the House of Lords. And standing almost as much in danger of reform. Because the traditional English comic song has been almost completely superseded. In two directions. By the great *virtuosi* on the one hand,

who put all their work into the patter and perform the song itself in a perfunctory manner as though it were nothing more than an inevitable piece of ritual. That was the primrose path to which Dan Leno pointed, and down which Mr. George Robey and Mr. Wilkie Bard and the late Mr. George Formby have walked—to the amusement of everybody, but to the destruction of the English comic song. It was once an instrument upon which even amateurs could play. The funny member of the family would keep the dining-room in roars with his rendering of "She was in my Class." But nobody is bold enough to attempt to render a funniness of Mr. Robey's. Because it is no longer fun conveyed through the reproducible medium of a funny song.

#### Rag-Time.

And on the other side the comic song has been invaded, undermined, attacked by the American onset. It survived the burnt-cork phase of the Nineties, when Mr. Eugene Stratton set the British community gurgling vaguely over moons and coons and

individuals in Idaho who loved their Mammy So. But when a later wave of the same western Gulf Stream washed up the syncopated nonsense with which we are at present deluged, the old English comic song gave one gasp and went under. There are no bubbles. That is why one is glad to meet, even as a *revenant* in a provincial variety entertainment, such figures as Mr. Austin Rudd singing a really funny song in a really funny way. And everybody loved it. Because (oddly enough) the English are sometimes content to be given a holiday from Broadway and Alabam and Gwdd Ole Dixee, and all the rest of the depressing apparatus of the American fun-maker.





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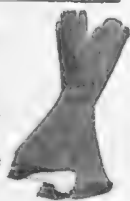
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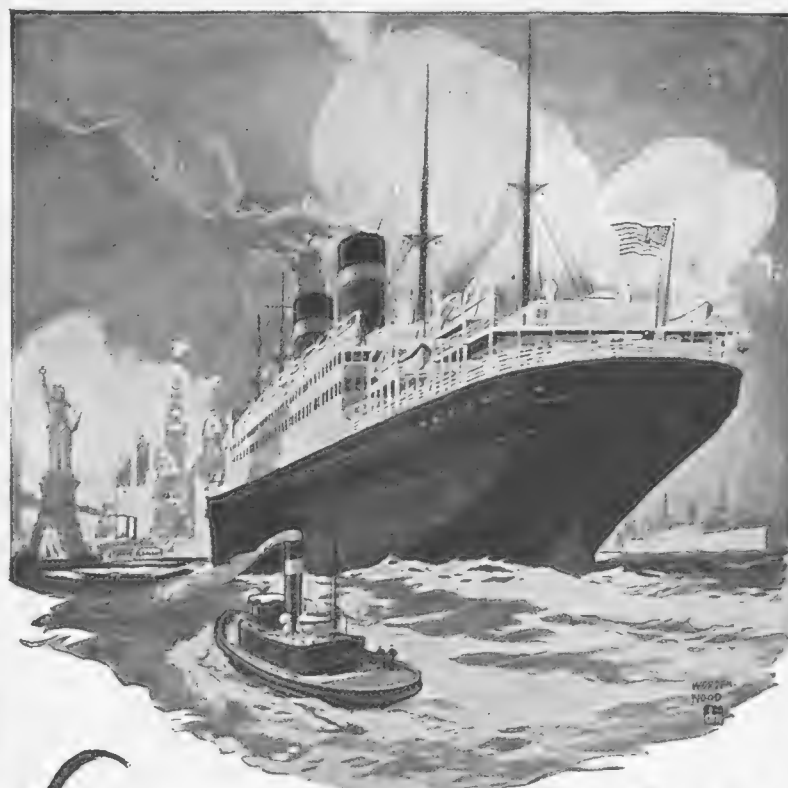
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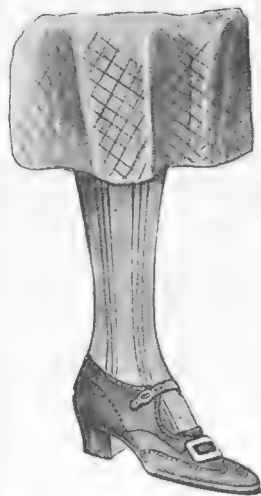
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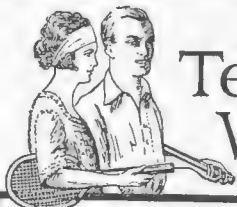
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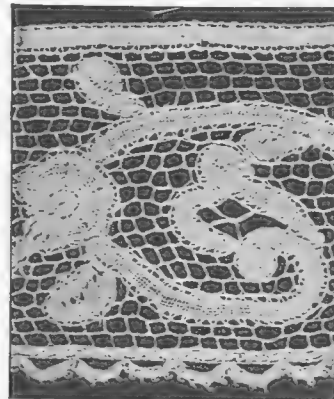
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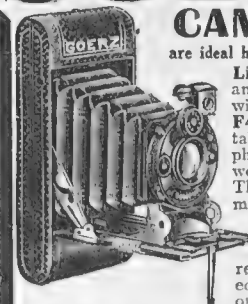
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Lemon-yellow crêpe-de-Chine is a promising foundation for any nightdress, and when, as in this case, Swan and Edgars', Regent Street, have added loose, square sleeves of white crêpe-de-Chine, the last word has been said on the subject of night attire.

### The Birth of a Fashion.

The origin of the vogue for some particular material or style is always wrapped in mystery. Why is it that quite suddenly and for no apparent reason some little-used fabric or design will spring into universal favour? During the last three years the notable dress-designers attempted, every spring and autumn, to bring the long skirt into fashion, yet for two years their efforts were unavailing. This spring, however, they tried again, and the long skirt, which had been rejected so often, was acclaimed with delight on all sides. So it is with the modes of the past. After sufficient time has elapsed to allow an old fashion to become a new one, some vogue of bygone days springs up again under a new guise. Who is responsible? Not, apparently, the great *couturiers*, for their power is limited. In the past they have frequently favoured and expressed some new fancy of fashion which has flourished for a few weeks and then died an early death. Nor, evidently, is fashion originated by the leaders of Society, for they are not always followed when they attempt to introduce a new vagary of dress. The stage is not the supreme arbiter in the domain of clothes, and it would really seem that there must be some whimsical goddess of Fashion who enforces her decrees on the feminine world, since it is impossible to account for the ever-changing modes.

### Variegated Sleeves.

Since the reinstatement of the long sleeve as a necessary feature of both day and evening gowns, many of the great dress designers seem to have concentrated their

attention on producing as much variation as possible in the form of the sleeve. Wide sleeves gathered into a narrow band at the wrist, or bell-shaped sleeves widening from the elbow downwards, confer distinction on long coats of suède cloth or velours; while Stuart puff sleeves and angel sleeves flowing loose from the shoulder are to be seen allied to fragile frocks of crêpe-de-Chine, lace, and satin. The semi-Grecian sleeve slit open from the elbow only is increasing in popularity, and as the complement of a lovely dress of white crêpe romain—a shining, supple fabric rather heavier in texture than crêpe marocain—a notable artist in dress has designed a charming mediæval sleeve composed of silk lace woven on coarse net. The form of the pointed panel which makes the long bodice of the dress is repeated by the sleeve. This is cut very short on the under-side, and elongated above to fall in a point over the hand. The dress itself is finished with a skirt of draped lace, and is ornamented with small horizontal tucks on each side of the low waist.

### New Uses for Leather.

Among the many materials which have lately widened their scope of utility, leather occupies an important place. A few years ago leather was esteemed merely for its durable qualities, and only employed in cases where a hard-wearing substance was required. Now, however, the use of leather is no longer bounded by the sphere of the severely practical, but encroaches on that of the ornamental. Leather fringes have for some time played an important part in the realm of dress, and may be seen allied to coat-frocks and dresses designed for town use as well as for country and sporting wear. Bindings of supple dressed leather occur in the most modern of shooting costumes, and a novel idea of hat-decoration is expressed by the use of leather as a trimming for large picture-hats of velvet, panne, or duvetyn. A strip of leather is carefully stretched down the centre, and in the loose inner surface so formed is cut a line of oblique slits, leaving a narrow margin of unstretched leather on each side. This band is arranged tightly round the crown, so that the centre stands out, forming an effective little *découpé* leather ruffle. Attractive combinations of red leather with black velvet, or green leather with white duvetyn, can be obtained in this way.

### A Note on Lingerie.

An alliance of lemon-yellow and white! Swan and Edgar, Regent Street, have selected these particular shades for the composition of the crêpe-de-Chine nightdress depicted in the left-hand top corner. The long square sleeves are of white crêpe-de-Chine bordered with a narrow yellow band. The price of the nightdress is 63s., and it may also be had in pink and white and blue and white. The princess petticoat sketched here is of pale pink crêpe-de-Chine, with an accordion-pleated

## WOMAN'S WAYS

By  
MABEL HOWARD

skirt, and decorated with panels and insertions of fine guipure lace.

It is priced at 45s. 9d.; while the companion cami-knicker is 39s. 6d. Pink crêpe-de-Chine is again the fabricating medium, but the lace which borders the long bodice is a fine Mechlin. Below the waist the garment is really a compromise between petticoat-skirt and knickers, as it is very full, and its sole claim to rank as knickers rests in the small crêpe-de-Chine strap attached to the front of the hem, which buttons on to the back.

### Three Delightful Boudoir Caps.

Pretty Dutch ear-pieces of wired white net form the most distinctive feature of the matinée cap worn by the little cami-knicker lady. Through the white net crown glimmers a pale blue georgette lining. A blue satin ribbon is passed behind the three-cornered turn-back front and ties behind, forming a long streamer. The price of this cap is 13s. 9d., and in her hand is a delightful creation of pale pink crêpe-de-Chine and Valenciennes lace frills, costing 14s. 9d. The pretty boudoir cap worn by her friend is of white crêpe, guipure lace, and satin ribbon, and is priced at 14s. 6d. [Continued overleaf.]



A selection of beautiful lingerie from Swan and Edgars', Regent Street.

## WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

**Artistic Hairdressing.**

Even the most beautiful face, backed up by the latest achievement of the dress-designer's art, will fail to obtain its proper effect if it is crowned by straggling and impoverished locks, for nothing detracts more from the appearance than an unsightly head of hair. Art, however, can often remedy Nature's shortcomings, and no woman whose hair is defective in any way should hesitate to pay a visit to André Hugo, the well-known artist in hair, at 180, Sloane Street. The wonderful transformations in which he specialises will satisfy the most fastidious taste. Only the finest quality naturally wavy hair is used, and the workmanship is always the best. Any shade of hair, no matter how rare, can be matched and made up into the style of coiffure favoured by the wearer, and the result is so natural as to defy detection. Excellent adjustments for those who do not wish to cut their hair over the ears, and yet want the softening effect of short, curly hair at the sides as a frame for the face, are the "Bobbed Victor" side-pieces, which fix firmly but invisibly into the natural hair, and may be obtained from 3 guineas the pair.

**Waved Materials.** There is at the moment a decided vogue for materials which give the effect of having been carelessly crumpled. As a matter of

fact, this crushed effect is really a product of judicious art, and when utilised in the form of a black panne cloqué dress, such as that illustrated at the foot of the page, the result is most attractive. Gorrings', 55, Buckingham Palace Road, who are responsible for its creation, have lined it with gold-coloured crêpe-de-Chine ornamented with black braid. The back of the long bodice is designed to fall in a loose Russian panel, caught in by a belt of black cloth which fastens in front with a jet buckle. The square collar can be rolled up or worn open, and is trimmed, like the wide bell cuffs, with soft grey squirrel. The little black toque accompanying the dress is also composed of an artistically creased material—namely, wash-satin—and from the back of the brim sweeps a drooping black paradise plume. Another charming hat originated by Gorrings' is the wash-satin model depicted opposite, with a hint of coming autumn in its dead-leaf, golden-brown tint. A silk ribbon of the same shade encircles the crown, and the right-hand side of the brim is split up to the base of the crown, the

**Rust Duvetyn and Stamped Broché.**

For the tall, slim woman no style is more becoming than the straight-cut, sheath-like silhouette, and a delightful example of this particularly graceful mode is



A skilful blend of rust duvetyn and beige crêpe marocain designed by Goochs', Brompton Road.



A golden-brown wash-satin hat with a cross-osprey plume for which Gorrings are responsible.

aperture so formed being covered by an extra petal on which is posed a plume of brown cross-osprey.

**Diamonds and Pearls.**

The love of personal adornment by means of stone or metal ornaments is one of the oldest feminine traits in the world, leading from the barbaric taste for wooden ear-rings and gaily coloured beads to the more cultured modern appreciation of precious gems. The cold sparkle of diamonds and the lustre of beautiful pearls have always exercised a special fascination over women, and in the salons of the Parisian Diamond Company, 143, Regent Street, and 37, Burlington Arcade, may be seen a magnificent collection of artificial pearls and diamonds—imitations so closely modelled on nature that it is impossible to detect the difference between them and the genuine jewels. Pearl necklets complete with a splendidly worked diamond clasp from 6 guineas, exquisite pearl-and-diamond ear-rings from £2 10s. a pair, diamond shoe-slides in delicate and intricate designs from 3 guineas, brooches, initial bracelets, miniature-cases, and lorgnette-handles are among the many subjects which lend themselves to diamond-and-pearl decoration; and mention must be made of the company's wide selection of hair ornaments, in the shape of tortoise-shell slides, combs, and prongs, beautifully set with their famous diamonds. Their illustrated catalogue is well worth seeing, and will be sent free on application.



Black wash-satin is the material chosen by Gorrings', Buckingham Palace Road, for this attractive frock with the Russian panel bodice.

offered by the little frock from Goochs', Brompton Road, pictured in the right-hand top corner. Composed of rust duvetyn, it is gathered in at each side of the low waist-line by bands ornamented with wooden beads. Tassels of wooden beads decorate the belt, which is formed by an unattached extension of the hip-bands. There is something most attractive about a collar cut in a shallow V that widens on the shoulder, and most particularly so if it is finished with a facing of beige crêpe marocain. This sober-hued material is also employed for the edging of the wide, slit-open cuffs, and for the composition of the under-skirt. From the waist the duvetyn falls in two graceful panels, which turn under to join the hem of the crêpe marocain foundation. A charming variation of the favoured knitted costume is to be found in the sports coats and woollen costume department at Goochs'. A tub-shaped coat of beige stamped broché, patterned with a slightly raised floral design, is gathered at the hem into a band of brushed wool, and at the neck into a square collar of the same fleecy material. The collar is convertible, and can be fastened round the throat with loops and buttons, or else left open. Wide bell-shaped sleeves and a plain skirt complete the costume, and the price is 5 guineas.





## Not Self-Praise

but spontaneous appreciation selected from hundreds of letters delighted clients have written recently expressing their unbounded satisfaction at possessing

## Ciro Pearls

The outstanding reputation of these perfect reproductions of Oriental pearls—quite undistinguishable from the genuine gem—has been built up, not on our own unsupported statements, but by the testimony and recommendation of those who wear them.

### BETTER THAN THE REAL

"The *Ciro Pearls* are lovely. I have never been without a set of pearls since I can remember, but I like yours better than any I ever had before."

### EVERY CLAIM JUSTIFIED

"I am delighted with the *Ciro Pearls*, and so is everyone who has seen them. I do not think there is anything overstated in your advertisements."

### WHICH WAS WHICH?

"You may be interested to hear that a friend of mine mixed her £300 necklace of pearls with my *Ciro Pearls*, and neither of us could see the difference except that hers has a diamond clasp."

### AFTER TWO YEARS

"It is now two years since I purchased my *Ciro Pearls* but the colour and sheen never fail to draw favourable comment. The necklace stands out in a sphere of its own."

### NONE THEIR EQUAL

"I may say that these earrings could not have excited more admiration had they been genuine, and I have not seen a pearl, either imitation or genuine, to equal the *Ciro Pearls* in these earrings."

If, after reading these, you are still sceptical, a visit to our showrooms will convince you. If this is not possible, then avail yourself of

### OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, earrings, or any other *Ciro Pearl* jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not

found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. *Ciro Pearl* necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 5 post free on application.

**Ciro Pearls Ltd.**

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 5

Our Showrooms are on the first floor, over Lloyds Bank. Near Piccadilly.

## SOUND NERVES AND ALWAYS VIGOROUS

**Miss Edna Best** (Mrs. Seymour Beard), the clever young actress, who is at present the leading lady in "Quarantine," at the Comedy Theatre, and will be remembered for having played the immortal "Peter Pan," writes:—"I cannot speak too highly of Phosferine. Acting, in itself, is a great nerve strain, especially intensified by the natural anxiety one feels about appearing in a new play. Then there is lawn tennis, which, whenever possible, I find time and energy to play. And then there are my home duties. To carry on, and thoroughly enjoy these three, I am sure that the regular use of Phosferine, which I class as the very best of nerve tonics, has made it much easier.

By way of a postscript, let me add that family responsibilities are less exacting since I have found how much my two cheery little boys benefit by a few drops of Phosferine given for a few days."

For their growing boys and girls, parents find that two drops of Phosferine, night and morning, establishes just that reserve of strength which the children's alert minds and vigorous young bodies demand.

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## RESTORES AND INCREASES NERVE STRENGTH

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Nervous Debility	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.



**THE PENITENT WIFE.**—(Continued from p. 296)

down again, and I heard my own voice saying, lightly: "And your sister calls you 'Poor Horrie'!"

Giles' deep-set eyes grew perplexed. "I believe she does, though how do you know? However, that's not the point. Puck, I'm married. I meant to tell you as soon as I found out that—that there was more in it for both of us than an evening's masquerade—more of heaven and a good deal more of hell! I married when I was still a boy of twenty-two. She is a pretty little thing, like thistledown—but, oh God, how she bored me! She clung and clung . . . and then, quite suddenly, stopped clinging. She'd met a man who interested her more than I did—a sort of 'saloon-and-lariat' type from the Argentine. He was crazy on her, too; I believe they actually planned to run away together. Of course, Enid thought I was hopelessly blind. . . . I let her think so. Don't you see, Puck; don't you see? . . . If she'd left me for him . . . divorce is quick over there. . . . I'd have been free! I'd have told you then; meanwhile, I waited, and pretended to see nothing. It was immoral, if you like—I don't care a curse for that. They had my blessing if they'd only known it. And then—" He broke off, walked away to the window, stood sullenly looking out on the landscape: rows and rows of chimneys beaten to a dazzle of gold by the setting sun behind them.

"Yes," I prompted him, "and then?"

"She's come back to me, Puck! Something happened. Some girl, I believe, switched his

attention away from Enid at the critical moment, and she's come back to me, very frail and sorry, ready to be a good wife. A man can't be a brute, Puck. . . . I'd have let her escape, and been glad of it, when she wanted to, but I can't kick her away now that she's come back. She'll never even know that I knew. My sister's awfully pleased about it, by the way; she was afraid I'd suffer without Enid. Puck—what the devil are you laughing at?"

"At me," I gasped, "and you, and Enid, and the cow-punching millionaire . . . oh, and your sister, but most of all at me! It really is frightfully funny, Giles. You'll laugh, too, when I tell you. You see, *I was the girl!*" And I told him, in my most gay and flippant manner, of my vow of May 1, leading up as it did to the fantastic final scene this very afternoon in the South Kensington Museum.

I was not mistaken in Giles' sense of humour. He agreed with me that it could not have been funnier . . . especially when, a minute later, the postman delivered into my hands a parcel which contained twelve pairs of the very best silk stockings—reward of biting off my own tail.

THE END.

Sketch readers will be interested to hear that "Sweet William," the comedy by Mr. Keble Howard which was produced at Brighton in March 1921, and at the Shaftesbury Theatre in May of the same year, is now published in book form. It is as attractive a play to read as to see, and the many admirers of

"Chicot's" weekly notes may like to have the opportunity for reading his latest play.

The English Jersey Cattle Society, 19, Bloomsbury Square, are holding a show and sale on September 19 next, at the premises of the Pedigree Stock Sales Company at Slough. Every animal, apart from being entered in the E.J.H.B. has to pass the tuberculin test, and be certified as sound in every respect by a qualified M.R.C.V.S. This should be a very fine opportunity for buyers of Jerseys wanting to purchase animals, and also for sellers, as the Society are offering £120 in prizes.

Lady Jekyll, D.B.E., is the author of a novel cookery book, which is designed not only to give recipes for every occasion, and to suggest menus for "the fat, the thin, the invalid, the vegetarian, the child, and the traveller, as well as meals for artists, playgoers, and dancers; for bachelor establishments and the cottages of the New Poor," but also to offer amusing reading and literary entertainment. It is an attractive work, and is published by Thomas Nelson and Son under the title of "Kitchen Essays." The author sends it out into the world with the certainty that it will be useful, since "years of housekeeping under varied conditions have taught her that the secret of successful hospitality and a contented home is to have food well chosen for the occasion," and she feels that the recipes and suggestions she has to offer will solve many a puzzle for the young housewife.

Telegrams: "TOUPETCHIC,"  
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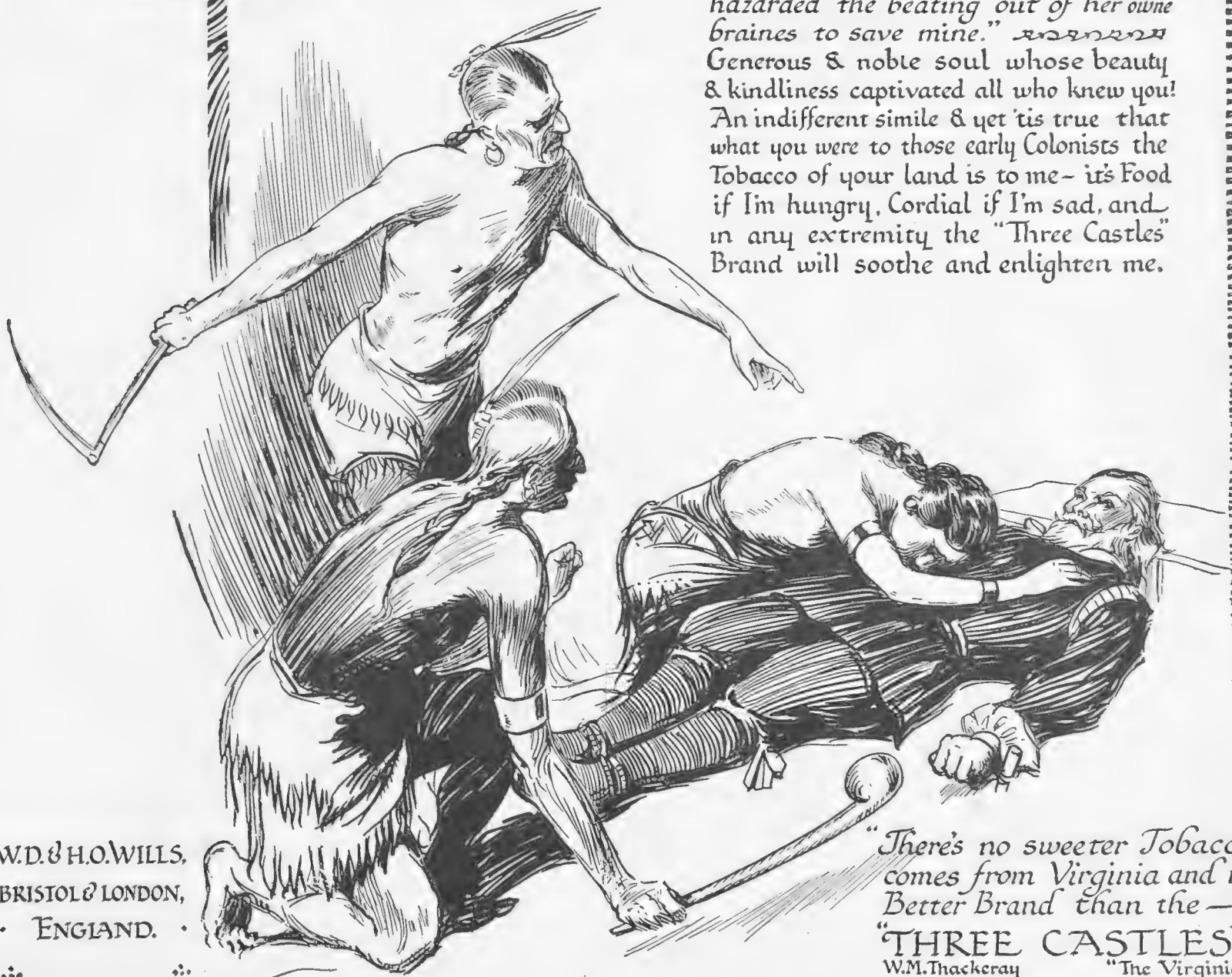


# “The THREE CASTLES” Virginia Cigarettes

## THE CIGARETTE WITH THE PEDIGREE



Writing to the Duchess of Richmond Captain John Smith said how “in the utmost of many extremities, that blessed Pocahontas the great king’s daughter of Virginia saved my life” and to “Princesse Queene Anne of Great Brittanie” he explained how “she hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to save mine.” ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Generous & noble soul whose beauty & kindness captivated all who knew you! An indifferent simile & yet ‘tis true that what you were to those early Colonists the Tobacco of your land is to me— it’s Food if I’m hungry, Cordial if I’m sad, and in any extremity the “Three Castles” Brand will soothe and enlighten me.



W.D. & H.O. WILLS,  
BRISTOL & LONDON,  
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“There’s no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no Better Brand than the —  
“THREE CASTLES”.  
W.M. Thackeray “The Virginians”

T.C.13

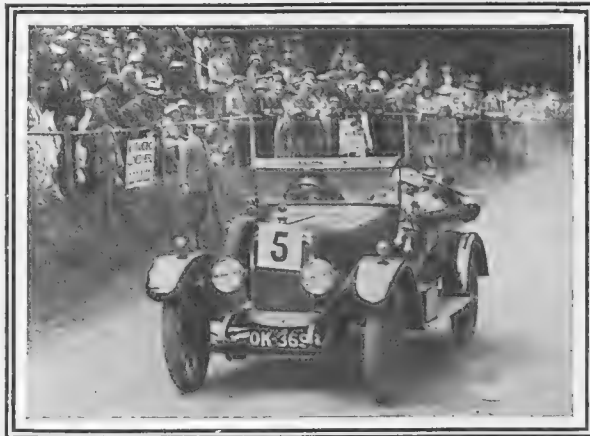
## THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

**Holidays—** *C'est le pont . . .* and all Parisians have gone out of town for four days! Fête days somehow "fall lucky" this year. They happen to be so near the Sundays that public and private administrations do not think it necessary to work between the two off-days. The Fourteenth of July fell on a Friday—that meant three days' holiday. Now, Assumption Day falling on a Tuesday, workers enjoyed a rest from Saturday afternoon until Wednesday morning. *C'est le pont . . .* and nobody complains about it.

**In England?** They all fly off to Dieppe, and Boulogne, and Deauville, and elsewhere, to have a breath of sea breeze. As soon as they reach the Gare du Nord, or the Gare Saint Lazare, they wonder if they have not crossed the Channel unaware. The compartment is packed with British travellers who are making themselves "comfortable." The carriage is covered with inscriptions written in English. The *employé* who asks for your ticket puts his question in English, and you are asked at what time you desire to lunch—in English.

**London-by-the-Sea.** When you reach the coast you wonder if your dream is over: your fellow-travellers were probably taking the boat across to Britain. But no! Here they stop: all the coast is English. You run away from the big centre to some quiet hotel in an out-of-the-

way little place in order to shake off that uncomfortable feeling of not knowing where you are. A few words of French would put you at your ease again. Alas! once more your hopes are shattered—for an interpreter is required for your French. On your return you can boast to your friends that you



WINNING THE SHELSLEY WALSH HILL-CLIMB LADIES' EVENT: MISS DORIS HEATH ON A STANDARD 14-H.P. SUNBEAM.

There were no fewer than five entrants in the ladies' event at the recent Shelsley Walsh Hill-Climb. The fastest climb in this event was made by Miss Doris Heath on a standard 14-h.p. Sunbeam. Driving very cleverly, she completed the ascent of the hill in 90 sec., at an average speed of 22.65 m.p.h.—a creditable figure when it is considered that the car carried four.

have spent your few days' holiday on the English coast: it is quite near enough to the truth!

### Bored with Distinction.

Searching your souvenirs, you recall that something like the same experience has occurred to you before. It was on the Côte d'Azur. You could not make this *rapprochement* on the spot, as the people you met there were so different from those you met here. Travelling northward had entirely changed their character. Your English recollections of Nice were of *chic* and stiff gentlemen who sat at table in smoking-jackets and seemed to bore themselves with distinction.

**Grey Seas.** At Boulogne they have recovered their joviality. They speak and laugh like ordinary persons, and seem thoroughly to enjoy—on account of the exchange—the combination of an easy and care-free life with little expenditure. They are not homesick, as they may be on the Côte d'Azur, for they look at the same grey sea and grey sky, and feel the same bracing, chilly wind. In a word, they, rightly, are quite at home—in France.

**French Taboo.** Surely they have not crossed the Channel in the hope of learning French! And why should they, since in France everybody—from hotel and restaurant waiters downwards—has taken the trouble to learn a bit of English? It is no use your trying to ask for "*pain*" or "*eau*," for French waiters are learned enough to present you with "bread" and "water." On the other hand, it is a good opportunity for French families to learn English!

[Continued overleaf.]



## After-Effects of a Strenuous Season

### THE ARDEN VENETIAN PREPARATIONS

are the greatest corrective and beautifying preparations ever produced. The following are just a few of many, each of which meets a specific need:—

#### Venetian Cleansing Cream

is a perfect skin cleanser. It liquefies on the skin and takes every particle of dust and foreign matter out of the pores. It is soft and soothing, supplying natural oil to the skin and should be used whenever cleansing, instead of soap and water. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

#### Ardena Skin Tonic

A mild astringent and stimulating tonic for the skin; used in conjunction with the Cleansing Cream, it whitens and refines the skin leaving it clear, fresh and radiant. 3/6, 8/6, 16/6.

#### Orange Skin Food

Every skin requires a good pure skin food. Orange Skin Food keeps the skin full and youthful, nourishes sunken and relaxed tissues, prevents dryness, fills out hollows and attenuation. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.

#### Venetian Velva Cream

nourishes the skin without fattening. Specially prepared for maintaining its soft, smooth texture. Do not wait until the summer sun has wrought its havoc but protect your skin now by giving it daily care. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

#### Venetian Pore Cream

A greaseless astringent cream which closes enlarged pores, tones up the skin tissue, and refines even the coarsest skin; removes blackheads and pimples. 4/6.

#### Amoretta Cream

A fragrant vanishing cream which protects the skin from wind and weather and forms a lasting base for powder. Invaluable when motoring or golfing. 4/6, 8/6.

**LOOK** to it that the fatigue of keeping pace with the gayest season since 1914 has not left tell-tale marks on your face. Supplement the tonic effect of sea and moorland air with just a few minutes' complexion care, night and morning.

Slight hollows, lines under the eyes, a tendency to scragginess in the neck, should be quickly detected and promptly removed.

In her Salon at 25 Old Bond Street, Elizabeth Arden is daily rescuing beauty and creating new and surpassing types. If you write her she will outline a simple home treatment that will speedily and effectively dispel all signs of the season's strain.

Elizabeth Arden's treatment is the outcome of over twelve years' experience in New York and Paris, where it has met with continued success. Her preparations are adapted to every requirement of the skin.

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Tan Willow Calf, Nigger Suede Calf, Grey Suede Calf

Single shoe willingly sent on approval, or if pair is sent, money instantly returned if not approved.

Write for copy of illustrated Brochure, post free, which contains self-measurement forms.

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Short Coat for present wear in Choquette Velour, cut with wide Raglan sleeves, the back of coat finished with a deep panel of Ombre Fur to tone with full soft collar. Also in Zebelienne and Plain Velours. Lined throughout silk.

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SMART MOTORING  
BONNET (as sketch) in fine  
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soft and light in weight, with  
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Price 7½ Gns.

This model can be made to order in  
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Continued.]

**French Cooking.** The trouble is that France, in order to please her foreign visitors, tries her hand on British or American dishes, instead of sticking to the national cooking. It is a pity for a country which prides itself on its culinary skill. The French National Tourist Office is getting alarmed at the prospect of foreigners running away with the idea that the reputation of French cookery is overdone. So with the help of the French Touring Club a French Cookery Week will be organised. It is intended that during that particular week nothing but French dishes will be provided throughout France. It will teach Frenchmen and their visitors that the culinary skill of the French *chefs* has not been killed by foreign tendencies.

### Skirts or Knickers?

Much excitement is caused by the prospective visit to Paris of Miss Jane Burr, who, it appears, has crossed the Atlantic with the definite purpose of converting all the womenfolk of the world to the wearing of knickers. Setting the example, she arrayed herself in riding breeches, green jumper, grey stockings and dainty tan shoes. She threw to the dogs her *cotillon*, symbol of feminine servitude, thinking that power is on the side of knicker-wearers.

**Why Not?** I wonder what effect her crusade will have on Parisiennes? It would not be a disagreeable

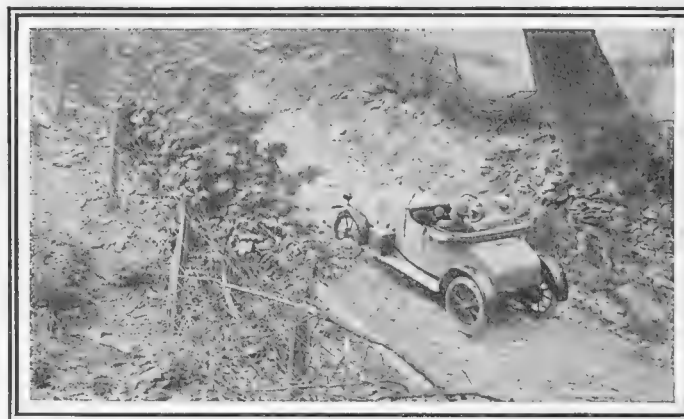
sight to see dainty Chérubins walking in the streets. But what about the ladies of large proportions? They are always the first to plunge with audacity into the eccentricities of Fashion. The low waist-line has been emphatically adopted by those whose size was entirely prohibitive of such sultana robes. Why not knickers? Did they shrink

entirely unsuccessful. Should Parisiennes agree with Miss Jane Burr—for a time—they would not delay in converting the severe feminist breeches into something frivolous and enticing. They would parade the boulevards in tight-fitting *culottes* which would enhance their shapely limbs in an un-austere manner.

### Wearing the Breeks.

Already actresses have been asked their opinion about Miss Jane Burr's proposal. That only shows the burning interest of the knickers question. Surely a conference will have to meet to decide the future feminine garb. Mlle. Huguette Duflos, of golden hair and pretty frocks, declared herself vehemently against the knickers. "*Quelle horreur! C'est affreux,*" she said. Mlle. Damia, who is as dark as Mlle. Duflos is fair, could not but have the opposite view. Perhaps the most sensible answer was that which said, "You can wear skirts in the streets as long as you wear the breeches in your *ménage!*"

JEANNETTE.



CLIMBING THE HILL BETWEEN LLANGOLLEN AND GLYN-CEIRIOG: A WOLSELEY "SEVEN."

This snapshot shows a gallant little Wolseley "Seven" climbing the hill between Llangollen and Glyn-Ceiriog—a very stiff gradient with a very bad surface.

from the short skirt which displayed unsightly legs?

### Frivolous and Enticing.

Are knickers to bring about a feminist revolution? Has the weak sex anything to gain by discarding the traditional skirt? I am not sure that Miss Jane Burr will be

the Chambre Nationale de l'Hôtellerie Française. It consists of a booklet giving the maximum and minimum prices of the hotels of France in both Paris and the provinces, and may be obtained free on application to the Office Français du Tourisme, 56, Haymarket, S.W.1.

## A HAIR BEAUTY SECRET REVEALED

Women of the past were expert in the growing and use of herbs, and they prided themselves upon their herbal beauty recipes; many of them, alas! now entirely lost to us.

The simple herbal flower of the camomile was put to many uses. Steeped in hot water and taken as a medicine it kept the blood pure. It was also found that, treated in a special way, it produced a preparation known as *Camilatone*, which restored the lost shade to hair that was dull, or discoloured and made it lustrous and beautiful. Yet *Camilatone* is not a dye or bleach.

### FREE BOOKLET AND SPECIAL OFFER.—

On receipt of 6d. an interesting little booklet, "The 'Camilatone' Way to Hair Beauty," together with a full 1/- size *Camilatone* Hair Shampoo, will be sent post free. An extra-Special *Camilatone* Shampoo to obtain lighter or brighter shades will be sent post free, together with this booklet, on receipt of 1/- (usual price 2/-). Write to-day to the Camomile Tonic Co., 16, Lichfield Rd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

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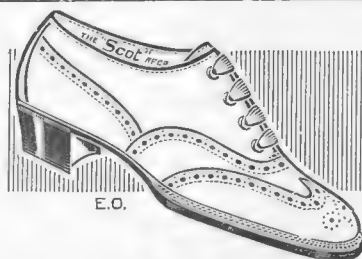
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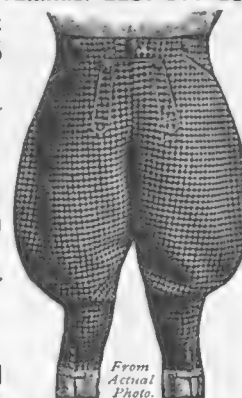
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**Billy Boy says :**

"Fancy putting 'Eat more good toffee'—as though any fellow needs that advice !

"They ought to say, 'Uncle—your nephew needs Mackintosh's—or 'Dad, take a tin home to Billy to-night.'"

"Still, if Dad or Uncle sees this—well, I've been a pretty good boy lately—and a little encouragement . . . .!"

\* \* \* \* \*

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Let them have the very best of all toffees,

# Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe

Egg & Cream-de-Luxe	Café-de-Luxe
Almond Toffee-de-Luxe	Mint-de-Luxe
Cocoanut-de-Luxe	De-Luxe Assortment
Plain Toffee-de-Luxe	

Sold loose by weight at 8d. per ½-lb., and in Baby Oval Tins and Tall Tins at 1/3 each, Junior Oval Tins and Tall Tins at 2/6 each, and in 4-lb. Tins.

You can also buy Plain Toffee-de-Luxe in Seaside Pails for the Kiddies, 1/- each, Popular Week-end Tins, 2/- each, and 5/- Family Tins.

Also Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe at 10d. per ½-lb.



## Rich Chiffon Velvet TEAFROCKS

This charming Tea Gown is made from rich quality silk chiffon velvet. It is graceful and becoming, and adapted from one of the newest and most exclusive French models. An ideal garment for Country House wear.

GRACEFUL TEAGOWN (as sketch) in rich quality silk chiffon velvet, cut to form long panel back, simple straight lines in front with V-shaped neck, caught at waist with gold galon girdle new shaped sleeves, finished with small band at wrist. In black, gold, royal, red, jade, blue, saxe and other fashionable colours.

PRICE

6½ Gns.

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Until the end of September all Furs will be marked at special Summer Prices. Fur Renovations and Remodelling should be put in hand at once. The new Winter models are now in stock, and can be copied.

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### The "MACKINTOSH."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, new superfine quality Felt "Sports" Hat with furry brim. Delightfully light in weight and absolutely waterproof, it is also ideal for Scotland and the Moors. With genuine game plumage mount. Mouse, badger, stone, wheat, pony grey, fawn, brown, black, navy, and white. Price 50/-

An exclusive speciality, unobtainable elsewhere. The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees, and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION. A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved. N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.



BY APPOINTMENT

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of Knightsbridge.



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ONLY ADDRESS :

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## RICH LYONS CHIFFON VELVET TEAGOWNS

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the month of August, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of Chiffon Velvet Teagowns, of which sketch is a typical example.

"OLGA."

Charming TEAFROCK in rich Lyons Chiffon Velvet, which has the underbodice and sleeves in silk Georgette, to tone, an original odd side drapery skirt, finished self bind. In all the newest shades and black.

Special Price  
**£5 17 6**  
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Miss Annette Benson in her "L.B." Felt.

Photo by Arbutnot.

For Riding.  
No. 724

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Soft Felt Riding Hat,  
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silk lined through-  
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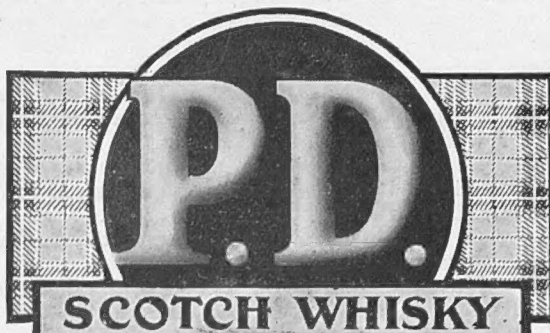
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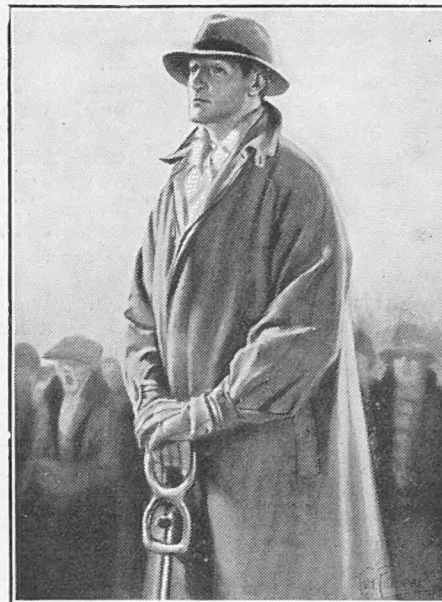
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Aquascutum Field Coat

THE workaday—"rough and tumble" waterproof slip-on of the Sportsman out all weathers sums up the Aquascutum "Field" Coat—adapted from the impenetrable Aquascutum Trench Coat.

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4, 4½ & 5 Gns.

For the more formal occasion (rain or 'shine) wear pure new wool and weatherproof Aquascutum (price from 6 Gns.).

Mention of "Sketch" will bring catalogue and patterns by return.

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THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY

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Also at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow and Southampton.

## CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE ON A FIRST-CLASS LAKE.

"A PART from the fact, the very trifling fact," said Our Stroller placidly, "that you have disturbed the only decent fish—"

"We've heard all that before, my dear," replied his wife, handing him a cup of tea. "You can't have a saucer, because we've only brought eight—I must have forgotten you."

"For the first time in your life," her husband bowed gallantly. "Oh, thank you; I will—the ones with jam, please," and he took a sticky sandwich which attracted all the mud for miles as the youngest member knocked it playfully out of his hand.

"Here, Clumsy!" called a Lotus maiden. "Take another one, and don't swear."

"I didn't," was the indignant retort. "What I said was jam. I didn't say—"

"No, of course not," his wife interposed tactfully. "Only don't do it again if the children are about."

"When daddy swears," remarked the youngest member, "he always says it's because he forgot his Gibbs in the morning—"

"Who's Gibbs?"

"Who is Connie Gilchrist?" was the retort. "Try this cake."

Our Stroller's broker took a piece. "Excellent," he pronounced. "Light as air."

"Don't you wish the fish would rise like this?" said Isaac Junior. "We have fished all the afternoon, and I, for one, haven't heard the smell of a bite."

"You ought to have been in our boat, and then you would." Our Stroller shivered slightly. "No more tea, thank you very much. It's awfully kind of you to have brought it out to us like this."

"Not at all"—and the ladies started to collect the scattered crockery, while the men wandered towards the boat.

"Take a peg of John Begg"—and Our Stroller produced his flask. "It may help to change our luck. And you want it after that villainous tea they give us here."

"Fish are very much like the public," moralised the stockbroker. "You never can tell when they're going to bite. Or what they'll take."

"Much depends upon the type of publicity that companies get," declared the advertising agent with unblushing modesty.

"The papers make an enormous difference, of course, but there are waves of fashion, just as you see ripples of water in this baby bay."

"I never thought we should see this boomlet in Kaffirs," said Our Stroller. "Yet a man told me, a month or six weeks ago, that it was coming."

"We saw it in an illustrated paper," his broker returned. "And, as a matter of fact, I laid in a few Rand Mines and Randfontein, so you can help yourself to my 'Three Nuns.'"

Isaac (Walton, of course) Junior took the pouch and filled his pipe. "I'm going to fish from the bank," he decided. "I shall be just as unsuccessful here, and you are already overcrowded."

The youngest member hauled him into a sitting position, stuck a feather through his hair, and a table-cloth round his shoulders. "Three cheers!" cried the agent.

"No, Sir; Three Castles," the youngest member corrected. "Let me give you a shove-off."

"Extraordinary how those Tobacco shares have risen," commented the broker. "There seems to be no limit to their strength."

"What pleases me is that so many people have got them, and can take good profits on

the shares. Really decent profits, I mean. It doesn't look right to sell them, all the same."

"You're right," agreed Our Stroller. "I wonder, though, if the Kaffir rise is over. Pass the gentles, will you, old man."

The stockbroker, however, was busily occupied in dissociating a Number Fifteen hook from one of his socks, so the agent handed over the can.

"I'd think more seriously of this Kaffir business if there were any sign of the public," the stockbroker observed. "But we don't see our clients coming in, to any real extent."

"Cape buying?"

"Most of it. A little local dealing, of course, but not enough to keep the ball rolling. Still, I'm going to keep my Modder things and my Rand Mines."

"Plenty more scope for a rise, if—ssh!" and Our Stroller pointed to his float.

There was a breathless, palpitating silence. The broker's hand moved unconsciously towards the landing-net. Our Stroller struck. Too soon.

"He's sucked my bait pretty clean," said our friend, as he reeled in his line, and put on another brace of gentles.

"It's very peaceful," remarked the stockbroker. "You go back with renewed vigour to buy Home Railway stocks and Oil shares and—"

"Keep your Kaffirs, be careful over Oil, and don't forget that Home Rails have had a jolly good rise. What are the next fields for us to conquer?" and he looked at the stockbroker.

"Argentine Railway stocks. Got him, by James!" and he swung his line into the boat amidst a chorus of cheers. He unhooked the two-ounce roach, baited his hook again, and—this is the incredible part of it—went on fishing.

Friday, Aug. 18, 1922.

## LACE ALPACA WOOL COAT FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

WE have now in stock an immense variety of new and exclusive Sports Coats, Dresses and Skirts suitable for Holiday and Early Autumn wear, of which sketch is a typical example.

Lace Alpaca COAT (as sketch), made from fine quality yarn with narrow silk stripe and edging on collar. Beautifully light and warm, in a good range of this season's colours.

Price 63/-

Exceptional offer in **SILK HOLEPROOF STOCKINGS**, lisle feet and tops. In black, white, suède, mid-grey, silver, brown, nigger, tussure, putty, camel, and beaver.

5/11 per pair.

(Actual value 8/11 per pair.)

# MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

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## New Hats for Holiday Wear



This hat will be found in our Model Salon on the 1st floor.

Becoming Mushroom Hat in stitched padded satin or Duvetyn. In many good colours .. **79/6**

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is the most economical tobacco you can smoke. Besides possessing the qualities described, it is distinguished by its unvarying freshness, its uniform excellence of quality, and a delightful fragrance that never ceases to charm its unnumbered devotees.

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MAKES THE  
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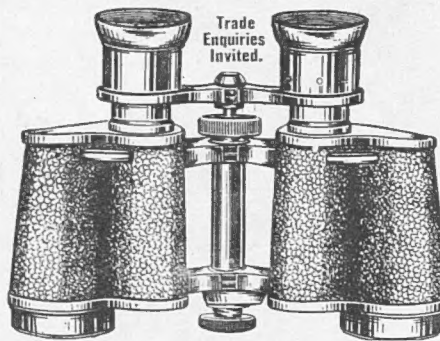
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Colmont, Paris. Extra large  
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21/-  
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1/3 per Tin.

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"The analytical figures support  
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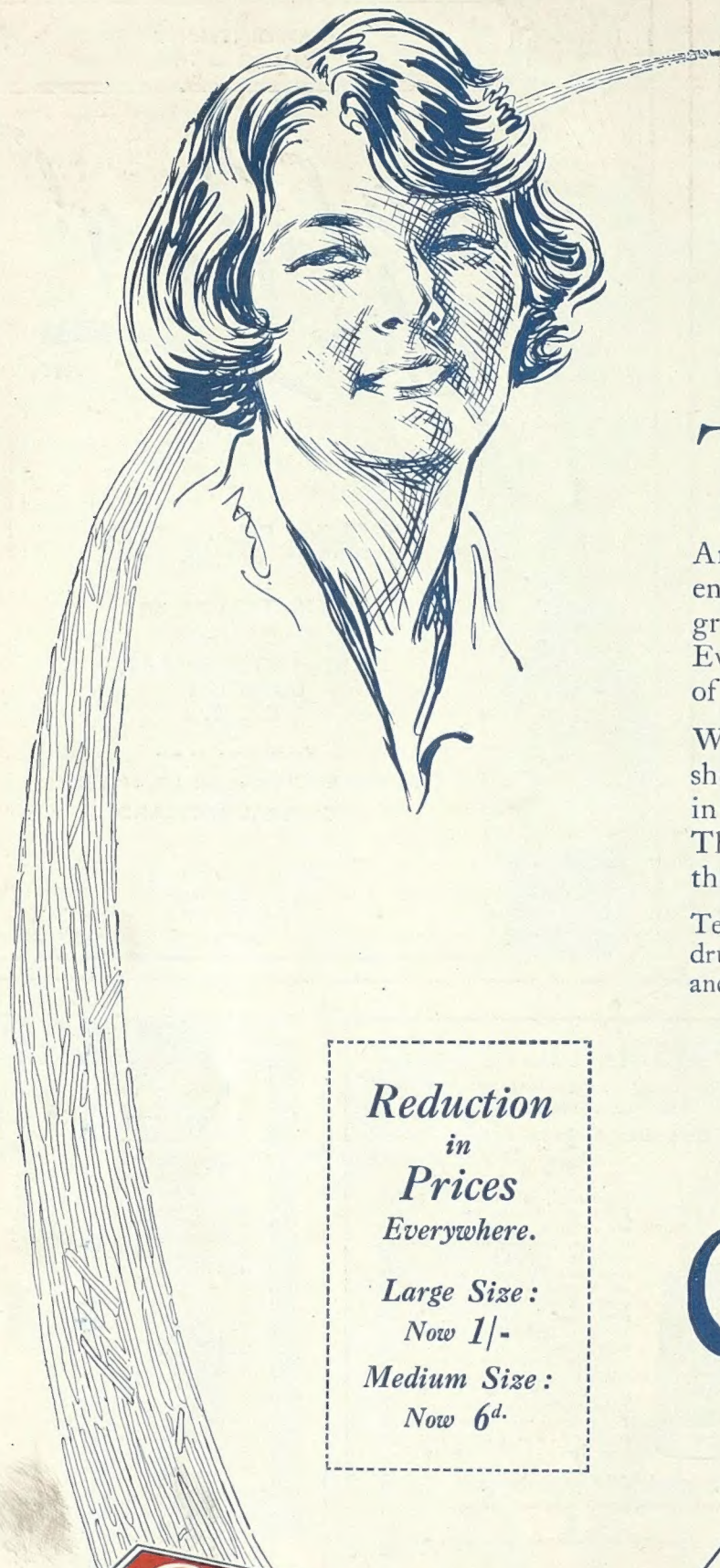
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THE  
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WAY**

*Washes and  
polishes—  
doesn't scratch  
or scour.*